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'SECH CONTRAPTIOUS LIE-FOOLIN'S'

Mackaye Brings Back Some "Tall Tales" From Kentucky

TALL TALES OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS. By Percy MacKaye. Decorations by E. MacKinstry. 184 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

THE Southern mountaineer, although perhaps not tending to extinction, is nevertheless of a vanishing race. At least, he is rapidly being metamorphosed into something very different from the coonskin-capped, feud-loving illiterate he has been ever since his ancestors, stranded in the trek westward, settled down complacently to fill the rôle of the poor white. Under the pressure of manufactories invading his hills to avail themselves of their waterpower, he is fast becoming industrialized; and his children, yielding (none too graciously) to the influence of "brought-in" teachers, are growing up "book-larned."

Doubtless there will always be the cabins, the razorback hogs, the moonshine stills. But the trails over which the mountaineer formerly shuffled on his mule, or skulked along, gun in hand, to waylay a neighbor, have been widened into roads along which he scuttles in his Ford. There are fewer coons to be treed in the "hollers." And even if the cinematograph is still largely confined to the more sizeable towns, there has come the radio to exert its awakening force. How much longer will the "chilluns" gathered about the hearth be content with the homespun narratives, with the moss of time about them, by which their fathers and their mothers were regaled? Not much longer, one may be sure. And inasmuch as the literature of the mountains was seldom, if ever, written down, but was passed on orally from generation to generation, those students of folklore who are seeking to garner these tales before it is too late are offering the nation a unique gift. "Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains," a collection of prose narratives put together by Percy MacKaye, is such a gift.

If that were all, however, the book would have no place except on the shelves of the antiquarian and the folklorist. But, fortunately, it is not all. "Tall Tales," for those who get into the spirit of the telling, will prove one of the most hugely entertaining volumes ever encountered. It is, perhaps, the only book to be put beside Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus." And if Mr. MacKaye's stories lack the peculiar and ingratiating charm of Harris's human and humanely whimsical legends of animals, told as they are with all the crooning gentleness of the blacks' dialect, "Tall Tales" have an individuality quite as distinct, and shed an even more effulgent humor. One smiles with Uncle Remus; one guffaws at Ole Sol.

The writer has so far proceeded on the assumption that Percy MacKaye comes into the book solely as collector and editor; but it is probable that the last-named office is to be interpreted rather generously. As every one who has had experience with orally transmitted literature knows, while what is essentially the same story or the same ballad will be found in widely separated places, the variations of detail will be considerable. Mr. MacKaye, although a painstaking and an honest folklorist, is himself too able a teller of tales not to succumb to the temptation of so combining the variations as to produce the most consistent and dramatic narrative. On the whole, this is as it should be; a variorum edition can be compiled later for the use of the ethnologists. One would like it, however, if the preface had been a little more explicit on the point. Clearly, nevertheless, one can feel assured that the able editor of "Tall Tales" has not intruded with material of his own; that the "facts" are as stated by Ole Sol, and that the language is Ole Sol's sturdy Elizabethan English, rooted in what was perhaps the only book ever ocularly known to most of these mountaineers—the Bible in the King James version.

According to the account in the foreword to "Tall Tales," Ole Sol is a historic character, one Solomon Shell. He died at the age of 98, and about twenty years before Mr. MacKaye entered the mountains on his quest for native literature. Solomon Shell appears to have lived the same sort of life as his neighbors, in a cabin surrounded with palings and razorbacks, engaged for the most part in hunting, quarreling with his "ole woman" and "likkerin' up."

Yet in one respect he was possessed of talents far beyond any of his neighbors—he was a born raconteur. In the parlance of the country, "He war the tale-tellin'est deeveil charmer, topground or under, war chilluns." At which the husband discourteously retorted, "All the same, jist nacherly we'd come toe-teeterin' back agin for to listen at him—behint the loom."

The title "Tall Tales" was not chosen merely at random by their collector. The genre is nearly as old as the Kentucky mountains themselves, and is familiar to all who have any acquaintance with what may be termed primitive literatures. The boasting indulged in by Homer's heroes is an example of this species of tale familiar to every schoolboy. In early Teutonic literatures the species is even more markedly present, and an entire book of the Norse Edda is given over to the boasting contests of the gods. In fact, boasting, exaggeration, lying of such an extravagant sort that it is self-accused are the ingredients on which primitive humor relies to produce its effect and win its laugh of approbation. There are some even who have indicted American humor for relying too much for its effect, and too often, on these cruder elements; and for proof, accusers are generally wont to point to Benjamin Franklin's alleged asseveration before European royalty that the sheep in America grew such immense tails that these caudal appendages had to be strapped to go-carts which the sheep trailed behind them. But that is a digression. The point at issue is that Ole Sol's narratives are all of the genre of exaggerated, or "tall," tales. And it was in this particular, almost exclusively one must believe, that they held their fascination for their hearers. For the sophisticated reader there is, of course, the added fascination of the dialect and the description of strange peoples and unfamiliar scenery. But for the "rounders" around the "fire-log" these were commonplaces, part of their own lives, hence elements which passed unnoticed and unremarked.

Ole Sol Shell.

The Illustrations on This Page Are From Drawings by E. MacKinstry for "Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains"

There are twelve stories contained in "Tall Tales." The curious and learned will be able to trace in the vastly altered features of some, if not in all, of the narratives the lineaments of an ancient and honorable ancestor. For these mountain tales, like the ballads collected by other investigators in the same region, had their beginnings in other and more distant soils, and in a past still more remote. Some are reminiscent of the elves and the fairies of the Irish peat bogs; others hark back to Anglo-Saxon days, and beyond the days of the Angles and the Saxons to the folk-tales which these invaders brought with them when they crossed the Channel, but of course so altered that only the scholar will see the ancestor in the descendent. Mr. MacKaye traces to Baron Munchausen the first of his stories, "Peach-Rock Deer," a yarn about a deer of fabulous size which Ole Sol brings down with a peach-stone for a bullet. In "The Hick'ry Pick-Tooth" the present writer sees remote resemblance to an ancient Norse legend; but he is not seeking to qualify as an expert in folklore, and letters from correspondents informing him that he is in error will be read with contrition—and left unanswered.

If Mr. MacKaye has exercised his own talents in compiling his book, he has probably done so most extensively in giving verisimilitude to the character Ole Sol; and if he has not accurately reproduced his hillside Homer-Aesop—for the reason, of course, that exigencies of life and death made it impossible—it does not matter. He was so extensively accorded the privilege of sitting over the fire-log and hearing tales told by other mountain saga-tellers that he presents a living substitute for Ole Sol, with what must have been the dramatic tricks of excitation and suspense practiced by the original narrator.

Well, young rounders, here we sot agin!
Straddle my knee thar, Betsy!
Quit tuggin' of my bristles, Hank!
Watch out, or I'll gobble ye yit!

Is there a youngster anywhere who will be able to resist this? We doubt it. And we hazard the guess that the elders will be "behint the loom" (or elsewhere near) listening in.

It would be mere cataloguing to quote the titles of all twelve of Mr. MacKaye's "Tall Tales"; and it would be idle to attempt to recount or to summarize them. Religion (turned to good account) is occasionally the theme; at least one, the tale of a scolding and quarrelsome couple who are turned temporarily into mules is, we suspect, a moralising on overindulgence in corn whisky. "He was a good, lousy, lay-around, patient-ablest feller; but she was pernickety as a pea-hen, gibblegabble and peck from day-up till dark." And "Hog Inn—and Out Agin" is purely an animal fable. There is in this story what seems to be a bit of doggerel (if one were to stoop to the same level and pun, one could write "hoggerel") which most readers will find new:

Come fine Ole Horny in Hoggery Inn,
Whar the puncheon beams is shakin'!
He balances up and he balances down
For to keep the lean in his bacon.

"Ole Horny" is here, of course, the devil; and he appears in many of the stories, the highly moral purpose of which is thereby attested.

Perhaps the most hilarious of all the tales is the one about the cats (wildcats, that is to say) that clawed their way up to heaven. One wonders if the story does not go back to an ancestor common to itself and the tale of the cats of Kilkenny; for it is very certain that that story as modernly told is but the late and highly corrupt version of an older and more gorgeous tale. In fact, the modern version is as stupid as it is brutal. But to return to MacKaye's, or, rather, Ole Sol's cats, whose biography is sufficiently brief to permit retelling with (*Continued on Page 27*)

Did Lafcadio Hearn Hate Japan?

His Letters to Japanese Friends Reveal Resentment, Disillusion and Despair

SOME NEW LETTERS AND WRITINGS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Collected and edited by Sanki Ichikawa. 430 pp. Tokio: Kenkyusha. 3 yen 50 sen.

By KIYSHI K. KAWAKAMI

As the posthumous fame of Lafcadio Hearn grows greater in America and England, so in Japan admiration for this romantic genius as a man of letters and as a devoted, inspiring teacher seems to become, with the passage of the years, more and more profound. While he lived, few Japanese—not even those who were admitted to the intimacy of his singularly secluded life, realized that here was a master whose writings were destined to secure a permanent place in English literature. Today all Japanese are eager to honor the memory of the man who did more than any other writer to interpret to the Occident the beautiful, if not the best, side of their moral and spiritual life. They are as proud that theirs was the country which inspired Hearn's exquisite lines as they regret that the treatment which he received in their midst was not generous—certainly far from commensurate with his ability and his service.

One of such ardent admirers of Hearn, Dr. Sanki Ichikawa, Professor of English in the Tokio Imperial University, has just brought to light a large number of his intimate letters written to his devoted Japanese friends. Strangely, this new collection, "Some New Letters and Writings of Lafcadio Hearn," published in Tokio as a token of gratitude to this, Japan's quiet, unassuming, yet great benefactor, contain someting of a painful revelation—a shock, perhaps, to many who have long regarded him as in love, heart and soul, with Japan. It raises the question, "Was Lafcadio Hearn a lover or a hater of Japan?"

Hearn went to Japan, long the land of his dreams, in 1890, when he had just past his fortieth Spring. A commission to write a series of articles for a certain American publication enabled him to make the coveted journey. Upon his arrival in Japan, however, he refused to execute the commission, for he had found out that the publisher was not fair to him. Having decided to remain in Japan indefinitely, Hearn secured a position as a teacher of English at the Middle School of Matsuye, in the historic province of Izumo, often poetically referred to as the "Land of the Gods."

The year spent in this remote, ancient city, yet unspoiled by modern commercialism, was perhaps the happiest of all the fourteen years Hearn spent in Japan. It was here that he married a daughter of a samurai, assuming the family name, Koizumi (Little Spring), of his father-in-law. Eventually he also renounced his Christian name, Lafcadio, and adopted the poetic Japanese name, Yakumo, the first word of the famous sacred song:

"Yakumo tatsu;
Izumo yaye-gaki;
Tsumagome ni
Yaye-gaki tsukuru;
Sono yaye-gaki wo."

("Many clouds appear:
Eightfold clouds a barrier raise
Round the wedded pair,
Manifold the clouds stand guard;
Oh, that eightfold barrier-ward."

Literally, "Yakumo" means "Eightfold Clouds." The song was, so says the Kojiki, "Book of Ancient Affairs," sung by Prince Susano-wo-no-mikoto, who, in the "ages of the gods," built a bridal palace in what is now the province of Izumo. As the palace was about ready for the bride, wreaths of cloud rose up from round its walls, and the god-bridegroom, exultant over the happy omen, sang the song of "Eightfold Clouds." From this legend the province derived its name, Izumo, "Issuing Clouds." It is a land full of picturesque traditions, of charming mythology and folklore, of quaint ghost stories. One can hardly conceive of a more congenial place for so romantic a soul as Lafcadio Hearn. What wonder he was thoroughly at home in Matsuye?

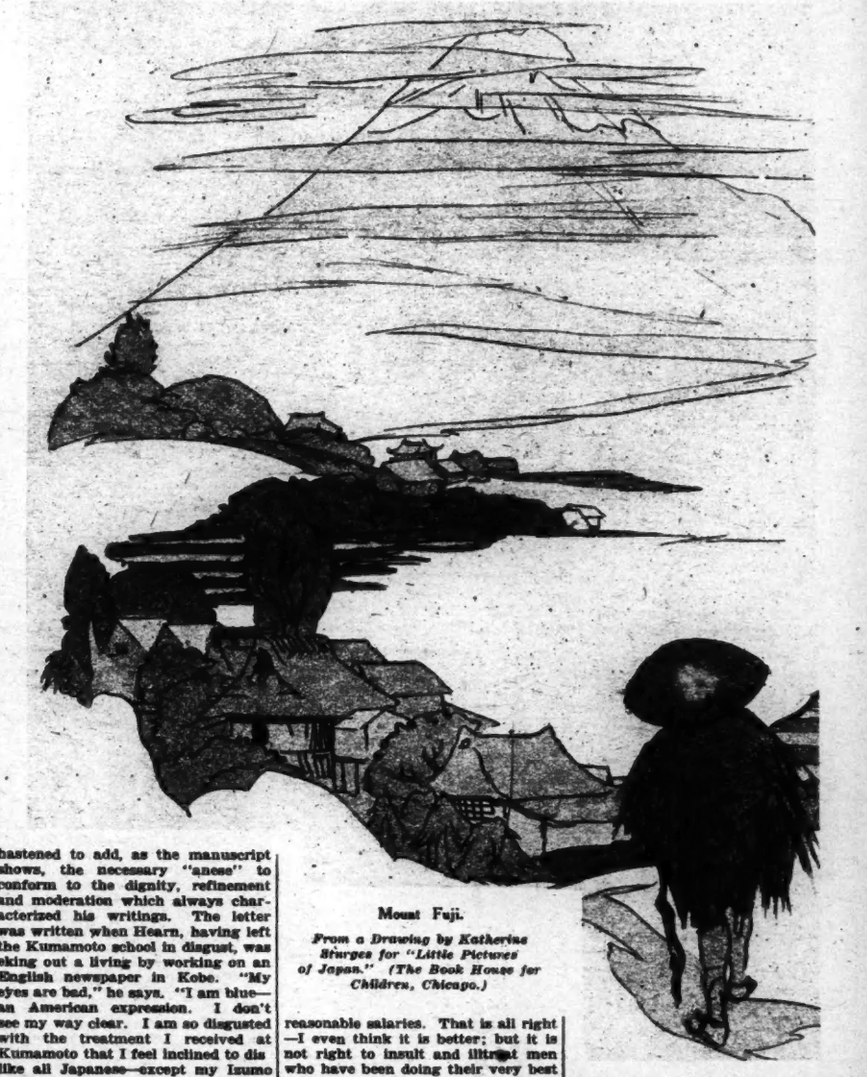
But the rigorous climate of Matsuye told harshly upon his delicate constitution, and he was obliged to leave the town before a second Winter had set in. Accompanied by his dutiful Japanese spouse, Hearn journeyed thence to the city of Kumamoto, and there accepted a position in the Higher Middle School. Though the elements here were more hospitable to him, Hearn found the city disappointing in more ways than one. He detested its "progressivism," and complained that it offered no literary material, much less literary inspiration.

> You wonder [writes Hearn in a letter to his former Japanese colleague in Matsuye] why I hate Kumamoto. Well, firstly, because it is modernized. And then I hate it because it is too big, and has no temples and priests and curious customs in it. Thirdly, I hate it because it is ugly. Fourthly, I hate it because I am still a stranger in it—and perhaps because I can't get literary material. But Settsu made me post my letters of application in the table-drawer and wait. She says it is better to stay here another year or two—that it might be much worse elsewhere. Perhaps she is right.

Heeding the wise counsel of his sagacious Japanese wife, Settsu, Hearn, patiently yet fretfully, spent four long years in Kumamoto. To add to the misery of living in a prosaic, "temple-less," commercial city, Hearn constantly had the painful feeling that none of his new colleagues trusted him, but that every one looked at him with a sort of suspicion, and tried to get him out of his way. For this "devilish treatment," real or imaginary, Hearn blamed, partly at least, the "intrigues" of the foreign missionaries. "The man Sakuma," writes Hearn, "was constantly with the missionaries, by all accounts, and kept them informed of everything going on in the school." With him dislike of missionaries amounted to an obsession. When he came to Kumamoto, he vowed never to tolerate a church in his sight. He was convinced that in the practice of virtue, in purity of life and outward devotion, the Japanese were superior to the Christians. "Old Japan," he believed, "came nearer to the achievement of the highest moral ideal than our far more evolved societies can hope to do for many a hundred years." Naturally he looked upon the foreign missionaries as impostors, and, of course, the missionaries were not slow in returning the courtesy. "These preachers," writes Hearn in a letter to his trusted Japanese friend Nishida, "are representatives of the lowest class of bigotry abroad; they are not true Christians at all. The same class of men have said that I am in their way—that I have injured their cause—and that I am a thoroughly corrupt and wicked man." Hearn's predecessor in the Kumamoto school was a missionary whom he called "a fraud—as many missionaries are." He was glad that "none of the boys visited him" (the missionary) and that there was "not one Christian in the school."

Unlike his peaceful, ideal life in Matsuye, Hearn's life in Kumamoto was one continuous misery. He thought he was distrusted by everybody and in turn he distrusted everybody. Out of this unhappy experience developed his hostility toward the Japanese Government and Japanese officials and his growing apathy toward all Japanese. "To work for the Government," he wrote, "is like building on quicksand or trying to make ropes out of ashes or to carry water in a sieve." "A foreigner among Japanese officials," he said on another occasion, "is simply a go-ishi, a pawn. He has no friend and no sympathy: indeed his feelings are not considered to exist." Alas! this clannishness of Japanese bureaucrats is often shown even toward their own countrymen. In a moment of extreme despondency Hearn, pouring out his feelings to a Japanese friend, almost permitted himself to use that odius abbreviation of "Jap." As if recoiling from this shocking lapse, he hastened to add, as the manuscript shows, the necessary "anese" to conform to the dignity, refinement and moderation which always characterized his writings. The letter was written when Hearn, having left the Kumamoto school in disgust, was eking out a living by working on an English newspaper in Kobe. "My eyes are bad," he says. "I am blue—an American expression. I don't see my way clear. I am so disgusted with the treatment I received at Kumamoto that I feel inclined to dislike all Japanese—except my Izumo friends. I answer no more letters, and refuse to see any more Japanese visitors." "I am obliged to acknowledge," he writes in another letter, "that at last my isolation became too much for me. I felt the need of being again among men of my own race who, with all their faults, have sympathy and kindness, and who have the same color of soul as myself. How foolish the foreigner who believes that he can understand the Japanese!"

It was not because Hearn thought he was too poorly paid (though that was painfully true) that he was so unhappy. He was the last man to haggle about salary. He had nothing but contempt for those foreigners, those soldiers of fortune, to whom service to Japan, still a young unsophisticated nation, was synonymous to fabulous salary gotten by false pretense. He thought such adventurers a disgrace to their own country rather than to Japan. Though his salary at Matsuye and at Kumamoto hardly amouted to 200 yen ($100) a month, he had nothing to say about this. It was not the lure of gold which attracted him to Japan, but the piece of mind and the literary inspiration which he thought he could find in that far corner of the earth yet untouched by the main current of modern commercialism. True to his ideals he lived simply and frugally—an idylic life. In Matsuye his house rent was four yen ($2) a month, and in Kumamoto eleven yen, which he thought too high. During the year after he had quit Kumamoto school he made, he writes rather cheerfully, "about thirteen hundred yen" ($650) and thought he had "a prospect of doing better next year." "Now you will be glad," he wrote to Nishida, "to hear that I see a fair chance—health being good—of living independently by my literary work alone—so that I shall not have to leave Japan." He was happy to be out of the Government service and resolved never to return to it, if he could possibly help it. "They (the Japanese authorities) are going, I suspect," writes Hearn, "to get rid of all the foreign teachers receiving reasonable salaries. That is all right—I even think it is better; but it is not right to insult and illtreat men who have been doing their very best for Japan and for the people who employ them."



Mount Fuji.

From a Drawing by Katherine Sturges for "Little Pictures of Japan." (The Book House for Children, Chicago.)

But Hearn had a growing family to look after. He had a son when he resigned his position at Kumamoto, and was expecting another child. "The only question that worries me is what I am to do for my folks," wrote Hearn in December, 1894. When, therefore, the Tokio Imperial University offered him a position with a monthly salary of 400 yen, to him a very generous compensation; he had to accept it, undoubtedly reluctantly. In spite of all his eccentricities and his exclusiveness, Hearn was a most devoted husband and a most affectionate father. Again and again he says tender words about his wife. "Settsu also likes Kobe," he writes. "I am thinking to build her a nice house here, and make Kobe her permanent future home." "I have money but I do not wish to run any risks for Settsu's sake." He wanted to go to Tokio, would Settsu stand the journey? Once he was offered a "splendid journalistic post" in America—"about 200 gold for about two hours work a day." This he declined, for "while I can live with my dear ones, I have no inclination to leave them even temporarily for a mere profit of money." It was to protect his Japanese wife that he assumed Japanese nationality, rather than because, as is commonly thought, of his love of Japan. "To become a Japanese citizen," writes Hearn in a letter to a Japanese friend, "promises to be an enormously troublesome thing, and a costly one—besides being of no benefit to me. However, there is no other way of making the situation a just one; for should I take the English law to help me, Settsu becomes English, and loses all rights as a Japanese subject."

Hearn's attitude toward his students was classic. His feeling toward them was as tender as to his own family. "I feel anxious about you," he writes to Otani, "and even venture to beg you not to study too hard. * * * I think you are strong, and not likely to get sick; but—please be always careful of the body, without which the mind can do nothing, at least in this world." To one of his former students, who was contemplating a second marriage, Hearn offers this thoughtful advice:

> Now your case is peculiar. You are in the prime of life; your character is made; you have had one unfortunate experience. Don't you think it were best to be very cautious, and not to do anything (so soon)? You could be really happy only with a certain kind of woman, and only a certain kind of woman could be happy with you. Some would find your ways a little too rough, perhaps, and not be able to understand the good heart behind them.
>
> Were I in your place I would not take a girl for my wife without often seeing her, talking with her, studying her—without knowing just what I was going to do. Do not, dear friend, marry anybody even upon your parents' recommendation, without being sure of the result. The times have changed so much that it is not safe to do this. Ever so many girls are ready to marry for the sake of a home, or something of that kind—trusting to luck. And many are sorry when it is too late. You can easily (too easily) get a wife; but this is a serious business now for you, and you ought to be very careful. I think you should not marry any woman again without being sure that she will be very dear to you, indeed. If you, take the thing simply as a formal "transaction," you will run a big risk.

Himself a man of letters, Hearn did not encourage the Japanese students to choose literature or philosophy as a special study. He believed that Japan for at least fifty years to come must bend all her energies to practical matters. "I am really sorry that you should not have taken a scientific course," writes Hearn to one of his students. "A scientific profession might enable you to do great things for your country, and in any case it would make you independent." "I think," he advises another student, "you ought not to study what would not be of practical use to you in after life. I am always

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Decline of the Unique Traditions of New England

Mr. Adams Concludes His Chronicle of the Passing of Yankee Provincialism

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REPUBLIC, 1776-1850. By James Truslow Adams. With illustrations. 438 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

WITH this the third and final volume of his notable work Mr. Adams chronicles the passing of a unique tradition. Until 1850 New England remained a section, but thereafter "the current of nationalism swept the New England States into the swift movement of what had by then become a genuinely national life." Before 1850 we have the particularistic interests, the narrow outlook and the conscious self-sufficiency of a province; after that date, while the name remains and traces of the old attitude and manner survive, there is another point of view. One puts down the book with an impression of saying farewell to a historic something that possessed distinction. There was a New England type, but there is one no longer.

What to the new nation was a great and momentous point of departure became for New England, as Mr. Adams interprets it, the beginning of the end. Before the Revolution the New England Colonies, not unlike their neighbors in this respect, were to a large extent independent States, wearing lightly the bonds that held them within the British Empire. With the coming of the Revolution the practical necessities of union, imperfect as the actual union often seemed, gradually transferred to the nation the local independence which the Colonies had enjoyed, until with the adoption of the Constitution the way was open for that progressive subordination of the States to the Union which has left the States today, for many purposes, scarcely more than administrative subdivisions. It is safer today, if one would avoid he implications of kinship with the Rabbitts, to call one's self an American than to boast of allegiance to Connecticut or Maine.

An all-around treatment of New England history in the period with which Mr. Adams is here concerned would, accordingly, needs to follow three parallel lines of development. One would trace the steps by which national politics, reacting upon political life and thought in New England, came in time to bring New England sectionalism virtually to an end. Another would follow the devious, and on the whole rather unrelated, course of politics within the several States, while a third would occupy itself mainly with the social history of the region in other than political directions. Mr. Adams, at the risk of incompleteness, has chosen the third, and in so doing propounds and develops a thesis which gives to his book its distinctive character. Relegating national politics to second place because he is writing the history of a section, and at the same time abandoning as impracticable the attempt to give continuity to the diverse political experiences of six States, he devotes himself chiefly to a consideration of the changes in life, manner and thought which accompanied "the continued struggle of the common man to realize the doctrines of the Revolution in the life of the community."

The choice is interesting, partly because Mr. Adams's point of view is, after all, the only one from which to study the essential characteristics of New England as an American province, and partly because it represents a point of view hitherto much neglected and not seldom ignored. For two generations and more after the Revolution there went on in New England, under the surface of national or State politics, a profound conflict of class. The Revolutionary leaders, busily engaged in prying the Colonies from their connection with the mother country by the aid of such doctrinal levers as liberty, democracy, self-government and the inherent rights of man, appear never to have meant by "the people" the people as a whole, but only the selected group comprised within the boundaries of their own class; and when the rank and file who had done the fighting, kept industry and agriculture going and borne the weightier burden of debt and taxation sought to reap for themselves the political rewards of liberty and recognition which the leaders had proclaimed, the leaders themselves turned Brahmins and braced themselves to support reaction. Upon the provincial stage of New England, for seventy-five years after independence had been declared, was enacted the social drama of conservative stubbornness versus popular aspiration which had been witnessed in the periods of the counter-Reformation in Germany and the Restoration in England, which was to be observed contemporaneously in revolutionary France and the Europe of 1815-1848, and which we of the present generation have seen in all its bitterness and recrimination in the years that have followed the World War.

Mustered Out—a Rest on the Way Home.

Illustration From "The American Spirit," by Howard Pyle. Harper Brothers.

What was taking place, of course, was an inevitable disintegration of Puritan society. The process had begun long before the Revolution, but the war both hastened and accentuated it. The occasional scarcity of food, the prevalence of high prices, the depreciation of the currency, the growing weight of taxation, the dislocation of accustomed industry and business, the temporary spread of unemployment, and the display of extravagance by the few who had profited by the war, all combined to precipitate and embitter the class struggle which it had been the consistent aim of New England Puritanism to repress. Where the lower classes had grievances before the war they had added grievances now, and the looting of the loyalists and resort to unblushing propaganda helped the agitation.

We have learned long since that the Revolution was the work of a minority, but the methods of promoting liberty by propaganda have been less well understood. Samuel Adams wrote to Elbridge Gerry a few weeks after the engagement at Bunker Hill: "Some of our military gentlemen have, I fear, disgraced us. It is important that every anecdote that concerns a man of real merit among them be improved as far as decency will admit of." This, Mr. Adams thinks, was "quite legitimate," but not so the spread of the unfounded charge that the British were taking "inhuman pains" to propagate small pox among the Colonies, or the equally false report from Rhode Island that the British "had amused themselves there by digging up dead bodies in the cemeteries, stripping them of their grave clothes, and leaving them exposed naked to the public." The tale of horrors grew as the war went on, and as the people wearied of the war a good deal of goading was thought necessary to keep them in line for the goal at which the leaders aimed.

Intellectually and morally, on the other hand, recession was mixed with progress. The Episcopal churches suffered severely, as was to be expected from their identification with the crown. The Congregational societies were also badly strained and attacks upon revealed religion occasioned concern. There were complaints, curiously modern, of moral laxity among young people, and drinking was aggravated. Harvard College, however, was able to keep going, although the Yale students were scattered, the Phillips Academies at Exeter and Andover were founded before the war was over, Noah Webster began teaching America to spell in the year that peace was finally concluded, and in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island the movement for religious freedom gathered headway.

Not until after the peace, however, was the intensity of the class struggle apparent. The constitutional situation in the States was ominous.

New Hampshire had a new and untried Constitution. That of Massachusetts, adopted three years before, was especially designed to favor the lawyers and merchants and "directed toward something like quarter-deck efficiency in government and the protection of property against democratic pirates." Rhode Island was acting under its old charter, but was torn by the ravages of war and the British occupation. Connecticut was split into parties, and the legal validity of her Constitution had been questioned. Vermont was acting the part of an independent State, but her claims were nowhere recognized. It was under these conditions as to government that the great economic and social forces let loose by the war and the changes following peace had to be guided and controlled.

In Massachusetts, long regarded as the file leader of the New England group, those forces were let loose in an atmosphere which, as always, easily degenerated into violence.

Whether the questions in dispute were religious, political or economic, whether they were as real as land banks or as metaphysical as witches, the people of that State have always shown a much greater tendency than in any other part of New England to descend to the arguments of threatenings, intimidation, physical violence, bloodshed and mob action.

For Massachusetts, and to some extent for New England, Shays's Rebellion afforded an acid test. Shays had an honorable military record, all of his captains appear to have been soldiers in the Revolution, and his followers had grievances which the Government at Boston had done nothing to redress and which leaders like Samuel Adams refused even to recognize. General Knox, a middle-class Conservative, could see nothing in the movement but "twelve or fifteen thousand desperate and unprincipled men" who were "determined to seize and divide the property of the rich," while John Hancock had one of his convenient seasons of ill health while the storm was raging and recovered only when the gale was over and a chance appeared to run against Bowdoin for Governor. Mr. Adams concludes an admirable account of the whole episode by observing that "the State in which the doctrine of government by the 'well-born' was carried to its furthest point and in which the government had the narrowest franchise was the one which had the most trouble with its people."

If Shays's Rebellion left a large section of the common people resentful, it also strengthened in the conservative classes, particularly in Massachusetts, the trend to reaction. Mr. Adams gives it as his opinion that "few of the leaders at any time had been genuine believers in democracy," and that the breakdown of the Articles of Confederation and the disorder of Shays's Rebellion "had substantially cooled the ardor of many Liberals." When, accordingly, the ratification of the new Federal Constitution came up for consideration those who supported it did so, in the main, because they saw in it a scheme of control "less democratic than many of the new State Constitutions," and this notwithstanding that the demand for a strong central government came "just at a time when the poor had suffered severely for several years." Mr. Adams is convinced that if the Constitution had been submitted to the towns in Massachusetts, as it was in Rhode Island, or even to the State convention as soon as that body met, it would unquestionably have been rejected because of its obviously unpopular character.

Thereafter the forces of disintegration worked upon New England sectionalism from without as well as from within. The population continued the relative decline that had already set in during the Colonial period. In the last quarter of 1789 Boston was the only postoffice in New England whose receipts exceeded $100, the figure in its case being $665, while Worcester could show only $11 and New Haven $47 against $482 for Richmond, Va., and $290 for Alexandria. Agriculture, still the main industry, had little available surplus save in places near to navigable waters, and long remained backward, as did, in consequence, the habits of local trade and the standard of living. The Old Colony wooden plow, in use until 1820, "had a ten-foot beam and a four-foot landslide," its effect being aptly described as making the furrows "stand up like the ribs of a lean horse in the month of March." Not until 1850 did labor-saving farm machinery come into general use.

Amazing as was the distrust of democracy among the New England leaders, Mr. Adams nevertheless sees in New England the effective brains of the Federalist Party. "Democracy," wrote Fisher Ames to Timothy Dwight, "is a troubled spirit, fated never to rest, and whose dreams, if it sleeps, present only visions of hell." Hamilton was the Federalist leader in the nation at large, but the "dominating group" in the nation as well as in New England was the Essex Junto.

> The doctrines of New England Federalism were based solely on the opinions, wishes and prejudices of George Cabot, Timothy Pickering, Fisher Ames, Theophilus Parsons, John Lowell Jr., and a few others associated with them, all lawyers and merchants of Essex County. All of these men had the utmost contempt, and at times dread, of all such people — naturally the great majority of the State—as were outside the charmed circle of the rich or well-born. * * * In their private correspondence or public utterances it is always the rich about whom all virtue centres.

If we add to this political intolerance the influences of intermarriage, notably in Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the power of the political organization that was perfected is easily understood. No wonder, therefore, that the excluded masses, finding little in the professions or acts of the political leaders that accorded with the "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" upon which independence appeared to be grounded, should have gone wild with enthusiasm for the French Revolution, or that the dominant groups of landholders, merchants, lawyers and clergy, touched in their pockets by British inroads upon American commerce and the embargo, should have resisted Federal authority in the War of 1812, and talked of disunion in a movement of protest which ended with the fiasco of the Hartford Convention.

The cardinal demand of the Hartford Convention that, namely, for the repeal of the constitutional compromise by which the South was allowed to count three-fifths of its slaves in determining its membership in the House of Representatives, could hardly have been made, Mr. Adams thinks, if the New England leaders had had any real comprehension of the political life of the country. The fact was that New England, because of the growth of the West, was being outvoted, yet one of its foremost leaders, Pickering, who had been Secretary of State under Washington, actually proposed to force the West out of the Union as a means of bringing the remaining sections closer together for defense against Great Britain and, incidentally, insuring acceptance of the constitutional changes which New England desired. "The utter intellectual isolation of New Eng-

(Continued on Page 11)

About Books, *More or Less:* Plea for the Superficial

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

A FORTNIGHT ago on this page something was said about the failure, comparatively speaking, of our newer fiction in the matter of supplying us with living and recognizable people. The complaint, as was then pointed out, does not emanate solely from the mid-Victorian camp. Discontent is being registered by the Left Wing literary battalions. As such it naturally invites the most serious attention. It is charged that the younger novelists are too greatly concerned with promulgating ideas and not enough with creating men and women. The characters are swamped by the propaganda. They are brought into the world not to live their lives but to prove a point. At best they are terrorized by their creator. At worst they are mannikins on a string. And it has been proposed, still from the Left Wing, that the only way out is for the novelists to abandon traffic in ideas and go in for exploiting humanity. To this doctrine this page hastened to subscribe with ardor.

A fortnight's intermittent reflection suggests that the charge of propaganda is, perhaps, too harsh. If the number of animate inhabitants to the square mile of present-day fiction is remarkably low, the reason is not always that the novelist has sacrificed the individual to the idea. Frequently the fault is just the other way. The novelist has meant too well by his characters. He has tried too hard to realize, to understand, to explain them. The surface of his characters is vague or blurred because he has plumbed too deep beneath the surface. Sometimes he has gone down so deep that he has failed to come up again. Motive is always a ticklish problem for the novelist. There may be too much motive for a clear picture. Analysis is always in danger of concentrating on the way the wheels of the watch go round, to the disadvantage of the dial face and our knowledge of what time it is. The danger is all the greater when the quest for motive becomes a quest for unconscious motive, when analysis becomes psychoanalysis. Under the new method you get down to the very root of things, but you too often fail to make the thing itself recognizable. Under the new method you fail to see the tree for the roots. To distinguish between an elm and a maple some information is needed concerning the trunk, the branches and the leaves. To explain a maple tree perhaps the roots are enough. To differentiate a maple from an elm, to individualize it, we need superficial data.

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EVEN more than in fiction, the practice of super-analysis would seem to prevail in non-creative literature—in biography, in history, in such politics and economics as swim from time to time within the ken of this page. Everywhere there is this highly laudable passion to discard the old superficial chronicle and to pierce down to the very roots of a subject. Often there is the highly regrettable result that the subject itself fails to emerge from the shadows. This is not due primarily to any lack of skill or application on the part of the investigator. It is inherent in the method itself. The more you succeed in reducing an individual thing to its "ultimates" the more, obviously, you have deprived it of its identity. Napoleon, Catherine the Great, Leonardo da Vinci and Edgar Allan Poe, viewed superficially, are easy enough to tell apart. Napoleon, Catherine, Leonardo and Edgar Allan, reduced to the same formula of the unconscious, of the repressed, of the frustrated or the sublimated, fade into a monotonous background. It may not explain Napoleon to say that he spoke French and that the others conversed in Russian, Italian and English respectively. But at least, by this very superficial test, they stand differentiated. The most ultimate reduction of the Corsican and the Baltimorean to repressed desires and to glandular secretions will not suffice to tell them apart.

Incidentally, it is a question whether the ultimate analysis will even serve to explain an individual. If the same fundamental cause explains so many different individuals, does it really explain any one of them? If the same sex frustration explains Poe's escape into the charnel house and Saint Theresa's elevation to the realms of eternal bliss, there would seem to be one thing left to explain—why Poe did not happen to soar to the realms of divine ecstasy and why Theresa did not descend to the grim company of the crypts and graveyards. If the same inferiority complex will drive one man to suicide and another man to death on the barricades, obviously there must be something less ultimate, something more superficial, to explain why the neurotic dies one way and the hero dies a different way. For the moment, however, we need not press the point. Let us get back to the question of individual identity, differentiation, recognizability. How, as a personage, is the hero to be distinguished from the neurotic if they are both actuated by the same unconscious motive?

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AFTER all, the problem is a simple one. Ask the next young man who happens to be confidential with you just what the only woman in the world looks like. He will not draw you a psychic graph. He will pull a snapshot out of his pocket. He will open the lid of his gold watch. To be sure, he will insist that the picture never does her justice. To be sure, he will stress the fact that she is as brilliant and steadfast and understanding and as adept in the kitchen as she is good to look upon. But these virtues he will cite not primarily as an artist but as a citizen and a moralist, not to identify her but to evaluate her, which is another matter. I say primarily because the virtues and the vices in conjunction with the picture in the back of the gold watch do contribute to individuality and identification. A blue-eyed young woman with a mouth of just the right size who is up on the literature of the day, charlestons well and helps her mother with the dishes does come near to being an individual; especially in the matter of the dishes.

The snapshot is not always essential. Undergraduates do not usually carry about with them miniature portraits of their professor of Romance languages. But, if you ask the undergraduate what his professor of Romance languages is like, he will not have recourse to ultimates and generalities. He will not say that his prof. is a Presbyterian, a La Follette man, a golfer and an extravert. He will say that his prof. wears spats, bones up on his lectures before coming into class and always looks out of the window before springing his traditional little jokes. That is a portrait and an individuality. Perhaps the portrait will be more striking if the professor is described as rather thyroid and given to blue shirts with winged collars; but the essential fact, from the point of view of differentiation, will be not the thyroid but the shirt and the collar.

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IN the newer history a person finds himself longing, occasionally, for a touch of the older, superficial chronicle treatment. Let it be conceded that history is not altogether, nor even primarily, battles and politics and processions and heroes. Let it be conceded that the principal factors are geography and economics, especially economics. For the basic forces in Egypt, Greece, Rome, Britain and the Constitution of the United States one must look to things like climate and soil, land tenure, trade, manufactures, mountains and rivers and canals and seacoasts, birth rates, coinage, rainfall and malaria. But the difficulty here is the same as with Edgar Allan Poe and Leonardo da Vinci. The same set of natural and economic forces that explains both Egypt and Greece leaves us a bit uncertain as to the individuality of Egypt and Greece. For the ancient world and the world of the Far East cheap labor plays a very important rôle in the new history. The Pyramids were built by cheap labor. The Parthenon was built by cheap labor. The Taj Mahal was probably built by cheap labor. This explains adequately enough why we have the Pyramids, the Parthenon and the mausoleum of the beautiful and mourned Mumtaz, but it does not explain why we have them in their respective forms.

Consider the schoolboy of a generation ago and of today: The former was taught that the Pyramids and giant masses of masonry over rubble were erected by the Pharaohs for their tombs. The Parthenon exhibited the unrivaled genius of the Greek spirit for beauty of line and proportion. The Taj Mahal exhibits the Hindu genius for color and exquisite lapidary work in stone. The latter-day schoolboy has his attention directed—obviously I am exaggerating somewhat—to the fact that the Pyramids were built by slave and serf labor under the crack of the whip, the Parthenon was erected by labor working for 3 cents a day in our money, and the Agra mausoleum was erected by labor earning a cent and a half a day in our money. The modern schoolboy will probably better understand how great monuments come to be built. The older boy, I suspect, had a clearer notion of what the temple of Athena, the tomb of Cheops and the memorial erected by Shah Jehan look like. Individuality for him will not have been destroyed by reduction to ultimates.

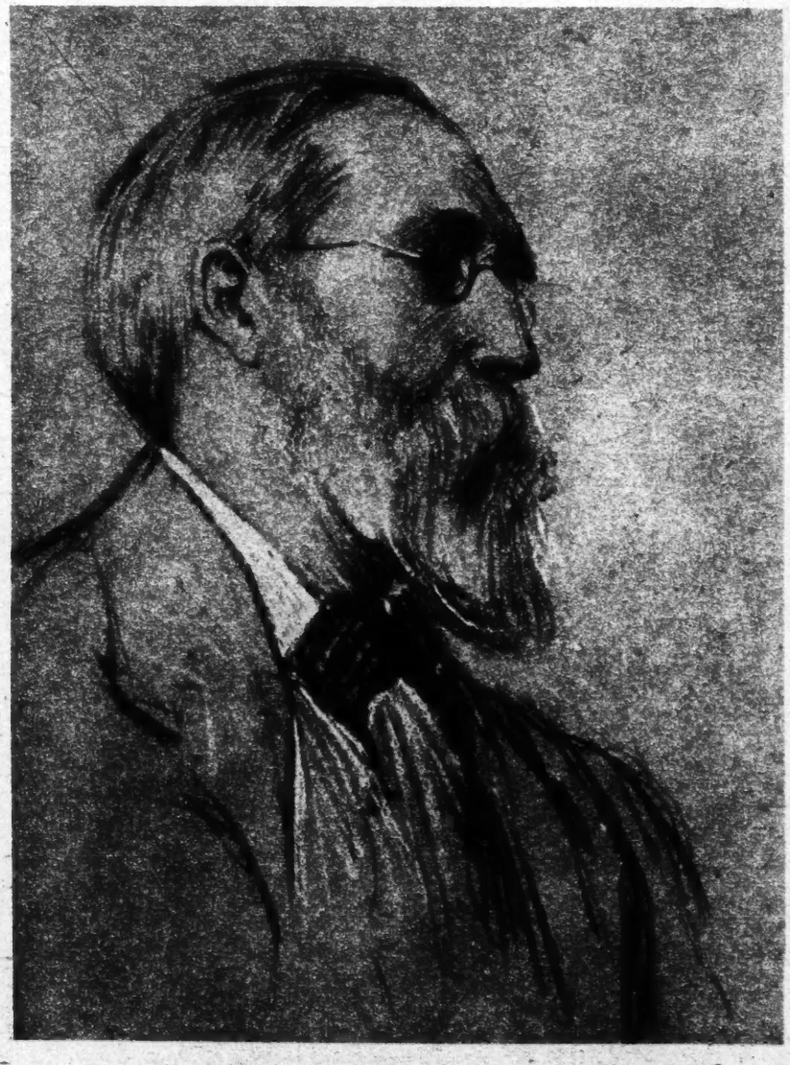
Ultimately nations rise because they are favored by climate and soil and fall when the soil is exhausted. They rise because they are favorably situated on a maritime trade route and fall when a more economic trade route is discovered or a new source of supply for raw materials is opened up. They rise because they possess a sturdy race of peasant proprietors and fall because the peasant is ousted by great estates worked by slave labor. But why, in face of these universal laws, was Egypt Egypt and Greece Greece and Rome Rome? And how is one to keep them apart in face of the presumed fact that at bottom they are the same? We are driven back on the superficial factors, on kings, battles, processions and heroes. It is easy enough to keep the nations apart and to concede them their proper individuality if you think of Greece as Thermopylae and Pericles, of Rome as Cincinnatus and Caesar, of Egypt as Seesostris and Rameses. How would one go about explaining the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman to an intelligent Chinese inquirer who has seen neither? Would you say that the Englishman is the member of a race which makes its way in the world by rule of thumb and the Frenchman is a member of a race which is guided chiefly by reason? Graham Wallas in his "Art of Thought" is skeptical about this fundamental "biologic" difference between the French and his own countrymen:

> I do not know of any evidence that this particular difference of intellectual tradition was noticed before the French Revolution. Voltaire's "Letters on the English" (1730), for instance, and Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois" (1748) imply that the English rather than the French, are the consistent followers of logic.

This would suggest that a great many things which are basic and fundamental are not quite so ultimate as we imagine. But that is not precisely the point. Let us return to our Chinese inquirer. Tell him that the Briton is a hardheaded person who crosses bridges as he comes to them and that the Gaul is a person who shapes his course by the lodestar of logic, and you leave him with a very vague idea of what is a Briton and what is a Gaul. Tell him, on the other hand, that an Englishman is a long, lanky, blond person who dines on roast mutton and Brussels sprouts and says "Really," and a Frenchman is short, pudgy and bearded and is addicted to omelette with greens and says "V'la donc," and you have supplied the Celestial observer with a couple of recognizable, identifiable, individual surfaces.

Instead of surface say form, and we are arguing for a fairly well-established ideal in creative art. Instead of surface say features, and we know that it is by surface that we recognize each other, though the features may be of the physique, or of verbal expression, or of characteristic action. Who was ever identified by the play of his childhood repressions, by his stream of consciousness, by his glandular activity? How much would the analysis of the unconscious contribute to the portrait of Falstaff? Was Sam Weller thyroid or pituitary, and who really cares?

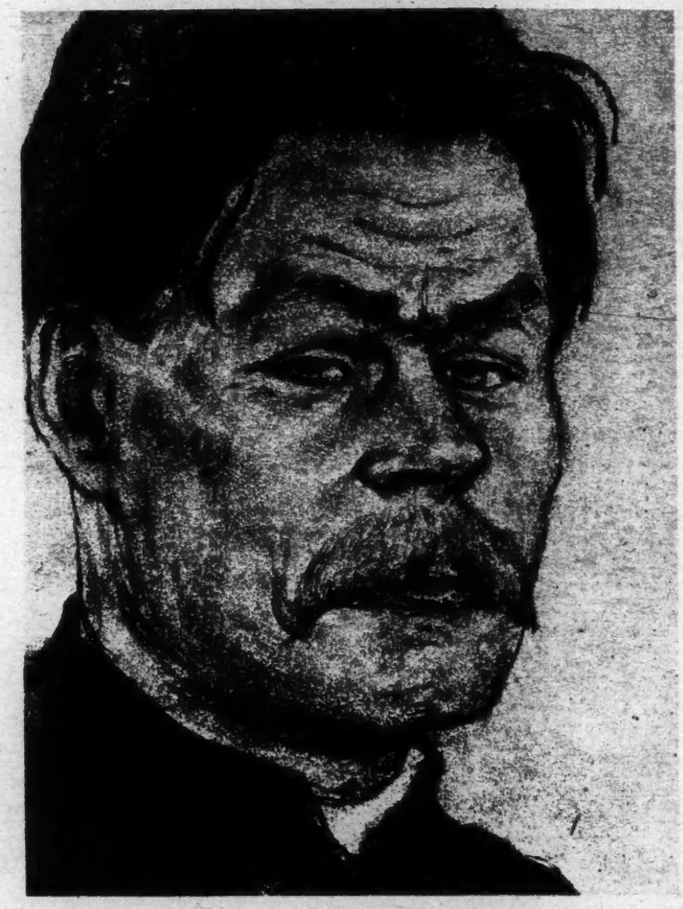
THE LATE JOSEPH MALLABY DENT



Until His Death on May 9, 1926, Mr. Dent Was Head of the Famous London Publishing House of J. M. Dent & Co., Publishers of "Everyman's Library," etc.

Maxim Gorky Returns to The Writing of Novels

"Artamonovs' Enterprise," the First Fiction He Has Written in Fifteen Years, Is a Family Chronicle



Maxim Gorky.

From a Drawing Made in 1906.

DIELO ARTAMONOVYKH (Artamonovs' Enterprise). By Maxim Gorky. 250 pp. Berlin: "Kniga" Publishing Company.

ARTAMONOVS' Enterprise," which has just appeared in the Russian original and which bears on its front page the dedication "To Romain Rolland, the Man and the Poet," is Maxim Gorky's first attempt at returning to the pure novelistic form of writing which he abandoned fifteen years ago, which has never suited very well his original and powerful talent and in which he has never been so successful as in short stories, in half-memoiristic works, or in dramatic writings. Let it be stated right away that this attempt of his is a real, an unquestionable success. It is a convincing proof that now, on the thirty-fourth year of his literary career, the famous author has at last overcome some of his limitations as a novelist. "Artamonovs' Enterprise" stands high above "Matvey Koshemyakin," "Okurov City" and its other predecessors; of this there can be hardly any doubt. Does it, however, equal in artistic merits his best works of the non-novelistic type, like, for instance, the "Childhood" or "My Universities"? Is this latest novel of his entirely free from artistic defects and shortcomings? Such are the questions one cannot help asking one's self after turning the last page of this striking and powerful book.

"Artamonovs' Enterprise" is written in the form of a family chronicle. Shortly after the liberation of peasants in 1861 Ilya Artamonov, formerly a serf of a Prince and now a freeman with a few thousand rubles in his high boot, came to the little and miserable city of Dryomov and founded there a textile factory. His enterprise grew and prospered and a new city crystallised around it; his children who inherited it on his death became millionaires; his children's children added to wealth university diplomas, advanced ideas and ways of the enlightened city world. This chronicle is brought down to the revolution, which sweeps off the ground Artamonovs' Enterprise, scatters and reduces to dust the once-prosperous family and leaves on the last pages of the novel but a pile of hideous and shapeless ruins.

Perhaps one of the chief artistic merits of the book lies in its architectural perfection. Unlike Gorky's earlier novels, with their loose formlessness and spinelessness, with their long, tiresome and esthetically unjustifiable conversations on the "meaning of life" and with their excessive and unnecessary length, "Artamonovs' Enterprise" is a rare example of concise, compact and consummately skillful construction. The enormous subject, covering a half century and embracing the lives of some fifteen main characters (not to speak of secondary ones), is told in the form of disconnected, expressive and strictly realistic fragments and scenes, each throwing into relief a new character or a new development; each lending the narrative a quick, energetic tempo; each stressing the main lines, the chief strokes of the brush. The novel is certainly a victory of high literary technique over the heavy and unyielding material of which it is spun, or, rather, carved.

Characters peopling it are drawn with a typically Gorkyan skill. Gorky has always been a master of brief, a little impressionistic, very sculptural, very vivid and brutally naturalistic characterization of rough and brutal types. It is true that his favorite hero, the daring, cynical and impudent tramp philosophising on life, à la Nietzsche—the tramp whom Gorky loves so romantically and who, perhaps, has never existed outside of Gorky's imagination—is not to be found in the novel. But never mind. It contains many another typically Gorkyan portrait. Such is, for instance, Ilya Artamonov, the founder of the factory and the patriarch of the family, "a powerful man with a long, curly, half-grayish beard" and a large, heavy nose, with "grayish-blue eyes looking impertinently from beneath the bushy eyebrows," with inexhaustible reserves of brutal strength and an irrestible will to create, to accumulate, to father. The crude scenes in which the author tells us how this man lays his eyes on Ulyana Baymakova, the still young and beautiful mother of his son's wife, how he chases her like an animal and awakens in her the responsive voice of her healthy flesh, how, without a moment's hesitation, he causes the death of a miserable drunkard in order to conceal a crime committed by one of his sons, how he amuses himself, roars with coarse, good-natured and drunken laughter, and makes his children tremble in submissive fear are among the best pages of the novel. Equally good is the portrait of the healthy and shrewed Ulyana, who becomes Ilya's loving mistress and who is his full female equivalent.

Dark are these excellent pages and scenes; no sunshine, no air penetrates into this world of animality where all is flesh and air-tight matter and where our famous author is so strangely at home. Yet still darker are the central parts and the end of the novel. Sons replace the father and grow themselves aged. The elder of them, Peter, who has neither the strength nor the self-assurance of Ilya, is the pitiful example of a half-peasant millionnaire who continues to respect by inertia the traditions of the old Russia without, however, believing in them; who can find for himself no place in the changing surroundings of life, who indulges in a dull and joyless debauchery, in whom all human feelings died one after the other. Just as unattractive and dull is his wife, Natalia:

> She loved him in the first year of their married life and he was then not unhappy. Yet now he knew that even the depraved factory girl, Zinaida, could love in a more poignant and amusing manner, not to speak of the wild women he met at the fair in Nizhni-Novgorod. All her life long his wife feared something. At first she feared his brother Alexei, then she feared kerosene lamps, still later she became afraid of electricity. Whenever a bulb lit beside her she jumped aside and crossed herself. * * * Now she ate all day long and became exceedingly fat. Children had no respect for her. When she implored [her son] Yakov to get married, he said scornfully: "You'd better go and have something to eat." She answered with a submissive hesitation: "I think I have had enough." And yet she went and ate again.

The nearer one gets to the end of the novel the more one thinks of an unexplainable, of a tragical contradiction rooted in Gorky's talent. Indeed, who worships culture, enlightenment and science with a more naïve, more religious reverence than does Gorky? And yet, who of the world-famous writers is so completely unable to paint in novels anything but the hideous physiology of life, anything but the brutality and stupidity of it as is Gorky? Are his strange esthetics not the esthetics of ugliness, instead of being those of beauty? Is it not this strange, how should we call it?—artistic one-sidedness, or, rather, artistic daltonism making all colors of the God's world look gray and black that chains him to the backyard of life, to its lower depths, to its basements? And is this daltonism not a very tiresome and unfortunate thing for the famous writer himself and for his admirers?

One cannot help asking oneself these questions when, at the end of the novel, Peter's son Yakov, a fat, cowardly and selfish weakling, is severely beaten, thrown out of a railroad wagon and killed by a crowd of revolutionary "tovarischi" returning from the front, when Peter's nephew, Miron, a skinny, bony, long-nosed, short-sighted and ridiculous intellectual, flees somewhere to save his life, when Peter himself, a paralyzed ruin reduced by years to the state of senile idiocy, is expelled from his home by his factory workmen, whom our proletarian author does not hesitate to sketch as half-savage brutes. And one closes this powerful, depressing and airless novel with the feeling that, indeed, life is (to put it in the words of one of its heroes) as stupid "as a mouse in a jar of strawberry preserves." Does it open any other prospect, suggest any other feelings? The reviewer does not think so; he has perceived none. In this "Artamonovs' Enterprise" is closely akin in spirit to Gorky's earlier novels, which, unlike his semi-memoiristic works, also end in an impasse.

Perhaps the only feature reviving the grim atmosphere of the novel is the sketches of nature scattered all over it (exactly sketches, for Gorky does not "describe" nature; he just says here and there a few words on it in his usual quick and brutal manner, as if with a frown). Some of these sketches may be very expressive, clever and brilliant. Yet some of them, like the pine-tree "stretching out its green paws," the moon "roiling among the gray clouds," the "shadows caressing the river," &c., remind us of something very old and familiar. And when we learn from the author that "the sun spread boastfully its peacock's tail of beams over the earth and then slowly appeared itself over the horizon"—we immediately realise what it is. Did not Gorky begin some thirty years ago one of his short stories ("Malva") with the words: "The sea laughed ("More smeyalos") which provoked then such an enthusiasm on the part of Gorky's critics and readers? Yes, thirty years ago such impressionistic decorations seemed new and very daring. But now, when all European literatures are stuffed with them to the limit, they neither astonish, nor amuse. Nor else do they conceal the fact that Gorky's somewhat manneristic landscapes are by far not so perfect as his grim characters. In this his talent has not changed.

Another peculiarity of the novel which is closely akin to these "sketches of nature" is the clever aphorisms which its characters, and especially some of them, spread over its pages. "A truth is like a woman—it is good as long as it is young." "Science is not a girl—you cannot marry it." "Without courage one can neither make a child, nor kill a man," &c., such are some of these aphorisms carefully clothed by the author in the attire of Russian folkloric adages and sayings and lavishly distributed by him to his heroes. An especially generous share of these fragments of the author's wisdom has befallen Tikhon Vlalov, the servant of the Artamonov family, and it has literally killed the poor old man as a character. It has made of him an impersonal raisonneur philosophising on life and dropping aphorisms wherever he appears, so much so that even Gorky's gift of making people live has failed to resuscitate him. Fortunately, however, Tikhon is the only victim of aphoristamatic wisdom in the whole book.

Yet, whatever be these minor, typically Gorkyan, shortcomings of the novel, they are all obliterated by its merits, by Gorky's ever-fresh talent.

Life of Stephen F. Austin

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, FOUNDER OF TEXAS, 1793-1836. A Chapter in the Westward Movement of the Anglo-American People. By Eugene C. Barker. Illustrated. 521 pp. Dallas, Texas: Cokesbury Press. $5.

THE events that brought Texas into the United States have received much attention from historians. Nevertheless, the life and personality of the man who was chiefly responsible for the development of those events has had scant notice. He was a commanding figure in a momentous national development, and the author of this volume, who is Professor of American History in the University of Texas, has made a needed contribution to the gallery of portraits of our nation builders. Of Austin's importance Professor Barker says:

> No other of the forty-eight Commonwealths of the United States—with the possible exception of Utah—owes its position so completely to one man as Texas to Austin. Without Penn and Baltimore the history of Pennsylvania and Maryland would still be the story of Englishmen wresting the territory from nature and the Indians and becoming Americans in the process. The same may be said of Georgia without Oglethorpe. But without Austin there is no reason to believe that Texas would differ today from the Mexican States south of the Rio Grande. * * * There would have been no settlement of Texas, no revolution, no annexation, no Mexican War, and the Louisiana Purchase in all probability, would still define the western boundary of the United States.

It is an interesting speculation, although of the sort that is peculiarly futile. But because it throws into strong relief the importance of the rôle that Austin played in the history of the Southwest, Professor Barker's use of it is justified. He stresses, however, the conclusion to which his study of Austin's life and character have led him—a conclusion in which less informed and hastier judgments have not always shared—that Austin and his friends and followers did not originally foresee or desire these ends. He insists that Austin when he established his colony in Mexico made "complete and wholehearted adoption of the obligations of a Mexican citizen" and that he indulged for a long time the "Utopian dream of making Texas a model State in the Mexican system."

Professor Barker has written a factual biography, complete and thoroughly well documented from several great collections of manuscripts and has treated his subject directly, with very little attempt at interpretive portrayal of character. His desire, apparently, was to collect and set forth in orderly style this voluminous material concerning a busy, adventurous, constructive, fruitful career, and so produce an authoritative biography in which the subject appears as the central figure in momentous events. Nevertheless, the author presents all this vast amount of material in an interesting way. His narrative is graphic, easy, flowing and is made still more colorful by ample quotations from letters and other documents. Professor Barker follows the course of Stephen's incessant efforts for fifteen years and of the development of events until his death in 1836, at the age of 43. He had added a vast region to the territory of the United States, but he died "on a pallet on the floor of a two-story clapboard shack," the home of his brother-in-law, from which he wrote just before his final illness, "I have no house, not a roof in all Texas that I can call my own."

Record of a New England Conscience in Captivity

John Lord Was a Yankee Privateer—and How He Hated It!

THE YARN OF A YANKEE PRIVATEER. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Introduction by Clifford Smyth. Illustrated. 308 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

By EDWIN CLARK

HERE is a book, now first published years after the writing and magazine publication, whose author is a mystery and whose rediscovery and present publication is a romance. All of which is enough to make the book a suspect. Already this Spring has brought an eighteenth-century lady to the fore, whose origin, however, is suspected of being more recent. This chronicle of privateering and imprisonment during the War of 1812, upon reading, appears to be the personal experiences, almost the journal, of an eyewitness. Its interest is unusual in the events selected and its point of view is unique.

Clifford Smyth makes it clear in his introduction that he does not believe this narrative to have been written by Hawthorne. He shows the impossibility of such an event. At the time of the War of 1812 Hawthorne was but 8 years old. Also, from a reading, it is evident that this is the account of one who was seafaring and had been confined in Dartmoor Prison, England. Mr. Smyth suggests that this account, published in 1846 in The United States Magazine and Democratic Review, was that of Hawthorne's great-uncle, John Lord. This is conjectural. Mr. Smyth says: "One cannot escape the feeling of a strong likelihood," which is attractively indefinite, though John Lord is known to have been a prisoner in Dartmoor. Yet there is no record that he actually set down his experience. A distant cousin of Hawthorne's, who still lives in Salem, Miss Manning, and is privy to the family history, wrote to Mr. Smyth of John Lord but remarked that she had never heard of any papers connected with him. Apparently, Hawthorne edited them, but anybody is free to speculate as to who wrote "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer."

Mr. Smyth is married to the granddaughter of Hawthorne. Some years ago Hawthorne's daughter, the Rev. Mother M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D. (Rose Hawthorne Lathrop), presented Mr. Smyth with an old manuscript from the family papers, which was written on both sides of nineteen pages of foolscap sheets, concerning the life of a privateer, imprisoned in the Barbados, lacking in both title and name of the author. Decidedly, it was not in Hawthorne's handwriting and could not be connected with any known book of travel. So, Mr. Smyth tucked it away in his desk and it was forgotten for seven years.

Looking among the files of old magazines for items of Americana, Albert Mordell found seven articles, titled "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner, Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne." He supposed that Hawthorne was the writer of this series and informed Mr. Smyth that he had found an unpublished book by Hawthorne. Mr. Smyth read the articles in question. They, in turn, recalled to him the manuscript account of the privateer in the Barbados. Upon further examination he discovered that his manscript belonged after Chapter V of the "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner." Why had it never been published? A possible simple explanation, perhaps, may rest upon the fact that this particular section was unfinished. At least in the manuscript of Mr. Smyth it is unfinished. Now this hitherto unprinted section is added to the magazine instalments, which reappear under this new title of "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer." But the mystery of its anonymous authorship remains quite unsolved. Why was it written after thirty years? And why did the author wish to remain hid behind the editing of Hawthorne? Could it be that writing wasn't a respectable enough occupation for a gentleman back in those austere days? It remains a mystery.

This narrative of bygone and stirring days has a peculiar quality. It is simply and clearly written, with a certain amount of literary display in the way of quotations. It is the reminiscence of a man successful in a life quite different and secure from the prodigal ravages of war. Though he is very prone to moralizing, at heart he is full of a charitable spirit. He has the air of guarding great secrets and strikes a note of apology. He is an odd combination of rather smug morality and shrewdness. As the whole narrative is seen through his eyes, it takes on much color from his point of view. Here, we fancy, there is considerable conflict between the boy that endured these hardships and the man who is later writing them down.

Our young privateer seems strangely detached from his times. In fact, he appears in these scenes almost like an alien spirit. He is only a boy, or a quite immature young man, with down on his face, when the War of 1812 is declared. His signing with a privateer is the result of the coercion of events. Born of a poor family, he had early set out to make his living, to remove one less care from his parents. Between the blockade of the English fleets and the Jefferson embargo business in New England came to a standstill. His position as a clerk was gone, and there wasn't anything else for him to do but to follow his fellows and join a privateer. But he wasn't a seaman. The sort of positions afloat that he could perform were difficult to secure. Finally he shipped as assistant to a ship's surgeon. The first seventy-five pages are taken up with the accounts of three rather uneventful cruises.

Privateering during the War of 1812 was a form of sea lottery. Those who conducted it in a businesslike fashion were highly successful. The razed East Indiaman America, owned by the Crowinshields of Salem, in sixteen months of cruising netted its owners a million dollars' worth of captured cargoes. The fast-sailing Yankee of Bristol, R. I., took a haul of nearly five million. These records are to be found in the Essex Institute's historical collection. The daring Thomas Boyle, sailing his privateer brig Chasseur, from Baltimore, closed with a British man-of-war, which struck its colors in a short, sharp engagement. But the young privateer of this yarn hadn't the good fortune to sail with such adventurous and well-prepared skippers. He sailed on ill-equipped ships and with captains that were prompted by considerable caution. Curiously enough there is no mention in this early part of the narrative of the impressment of American seamen into the English navy. There is a marked absence of the feeling for sea life, though the events are detailed rather thoroughly. It might be described as the point of view of a yeoman. There is more of the spirit of the sea and feeling of ships in the first few chapters of "Moby Dick" than there is in all the episodes of our young privateer, leading up to his capture.

This boy privateer was of a passive nature. He had, too, much of the native common sense of New England. His behavior, with the exception of the heroics, was much that of Jim Hawkins. With an inherent and youthful attitude, he judged the behavior of the crew with a very definite sense of what was right and wrong. The ceremony when they crossed the line was brutal and gross. The captain of the Frolic, to his rational mind, was absurd in his belief in haunted ships and ghosts. Yet his strongly moral standards didn't move him to a quixotic attempt broadly to set them in practice. When the Frolic was attempting to escape from the English brig Heron and putting up a furtive resistance, firing its "Long Tom" over the stern, the young privateer was below, removing from the ship's papers the fact that he was an officer of the marines. On board the brig as a prisoner, he notes the Sunday service of his Majesty's navy and comments on the religious feeling being kept alive. "This feeling," he remarks, "is sadly debased by superstition; but with proper culture it may be made to bear a very important influence in elevating and improving their religious and moral characters." A piquant observation from a boy sailor.

This privateer had a happy trait of ingratiating himself with his superiors. His youth and attractive manner saved him many hardships. To speak of his six months in the Barbados as imprisonment is a slight to a forbidding and inclusive word. A few days in a naval prison and he was paroled to live with several other captive officers in a tropical bungalow. Here the spell of the tropics with its lush and languorous beauty was felt by him. With nothing else to occupy his time but the matters of getting provisions and eating, he began to note the life of the island. He seemed to lead a solitary life, even among his compatriots. He was of them but not with them in spirit. The treatment of the negroes was vicious. His dry Yankee humor found amusement and contempt in the general laziness and impractical methods of conducting trade on the island.

During this happy imprisonment he had nothing to do but look on, and he was quite positive in his own mind that the white people could work in the sun without harm. He was of a persevering nature that found good in everything. As all travelers know, vermin induce excitement and adventure into the novelties of foreign lands and ways. The insects of the Barbados caused this vein of speculative thought:

> After all, the disgust we entertain for certain articles which are used as food by others is more a matter of fancy and education than we think. A hog or a duck is as vile in its habits as a land crab, and yet we prize these animals as choice articles of food. I had a shipmate once who fared daintily whenever he chose to have a fresh mess upon rats, which the ship furnished him, with no other trouble than catching them. He cooked them in various way and said they were better than squirrels, and he brought a number of the crew over to his way of thinking before the voyage terminated. The Otaheitans eat dogs; the Chinese, rats and birds' nests, and the Indians on the Orinoco, clay. I knew a young man at Dartmoor who always received and devoured his ration of beef raw.

The above bit of natural history, while connected with a discussion of land crabs as a food delicacy, has something of a Munchausen slant. But that our young privateer was of a serious turn of mind and self-righteous is revealed in his account of a celebration given in honor of the Fourth of July. His compatriots decided upon a ball and dinner at their house. A number of ladies were asked, and a gala occasion was made of the birthday of America's Independence. But our privateer had resolved to live an Benedick. And he concludes that he did not think his morals were honored or his manners improved by the deportment—his word—displayed on this national holiday.

In the public square at Bridgetown, with great pomp and ceremony, a statue had been erected to Nelson. It had become a favorite meeting and lounging place for the idle. The red shanks, a class of whites corresponding to the white trash of the South, loitered about the foot of Nelson's memorial. In all seriousness, our privateer considered the possible bad influence of the statue of Nelson upon the red shanks, who spoke of Nelson in terms of encominum. He said:

> As a moral example, I did not value it very highly, for I had no great respect for the character of Lord Nelson. He was undoubtedly a brave man and of a commanding genius in his profession, but I believe that mere animal courage is a more common quality than is generally supposed; and genius, unless it is accompanied by virtuous principles, has often proved a curse to its possessor and not infrequently a scourge to the race of man.

And in the vein of Bob Ingersoll, with certain reservations, he continues:

(Continued on Page 24)

Jacket Design From "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer."

Bertrand Russell Depicts The Intelligent Radical

He Offers New Lamps for Old in a Scheme for Educating The Post-War Child

EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. 320 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

By EVANS CLARK

THAT this book should be concerned with how to bring up children is really of secondary importance. Mr. Russell has done infinitely more than write the most lucid popular statement of the modern idea in education which has so far appeared. Unconsciously perhaps, and certainly indirectly, he has painted a portrait of the intelligent, cultivated radical of the present day, vivid, compelling and profoundly sympathetic. Of course it is a portrait of the artist by himself, Mr. Russell has given the world an intimate revelation of his own personality, authentic because it has been done without self-consciousness.

After all, this book is not so much about how to bring up children as it is about how adults ought to have been brought up. In chapter after chapter, devoted ostensibly to a program of child education, the conclusion becomes more impelling that what Mr. Russell argues for is no mere matter of method and technique—a new set of precepts which any one could adopt; but, rather, a change in the mind and heart of man. A conventionally minded person could no more bring up his children according to Mr. Russell's way of thinking than Eugene Debs could become a Wall Street broker.

With such candor and clarity has Mr. Russell done his work that the final result is sure to bring joy to the hearts of those who think and feel as he does, and dismay to those who do not. Yet it has all been done with such balance and even temper as to be the best sort of tract for proselyting purposes, which makes it all the more dangerous from the standpoint of the militant conservative. Altogether it is a delightfully provocative piece of work.

Mr. Russell tells very frankly the kind of person he admires right at the start. It is only logical—even though it may not be usual—to get a clear idea of the goal of education before discussing its technique. Most of the differences between the old and the new in education comes back to this: the old accepts the institution pretty much as it is, without questioning its final aim, and would tailor human nature to fit; the new starts with the needs of the human spirit and asks if the institution offers the best environment for it to flower and bear fruit.

Perhaps this admits too little conscious purpose on the conservative's part. Mr. Russell observes, probably a bit too categorically, that the English public school system had a very definite aim: "to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the empire. * * * The product was to be energetic, stoical, physically fit, possessed of certain unalterable beliefs, with high standards of rectitude and convinced that it had an important mission in the world."

And perhaps, again, Mr. Russell may have an eye on the national—and international—advantages of his particular educational philosophy. "The Battle of Waterloo," he says, "may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there." The English public school, he believes, sacrificed intellect, because "intellect might produce doubt," and sympathy because "it might interfere with governing 'inferior' races or classes." Kindliness and imagination were blighted in an effort to produce toughness and firmness. But the means no longer fit the end. "Subject populations will no longer obey ever the most wise and virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality and brutality further encourages revolt." The modern world, he says, "needs a different type, with more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness, less belief in bulldog courage and more belief in technical knowledge."

But Mr. Russell is primarily interested in human nature for its own sake; in an education that will bring out the best, which crowds out but does not forcibly suppress the worst. The best he believes to be "vitality, courage, sensitiveness and intelligence." Virtue, power, self-sacrifice, self-control—the old ideals are conspicuous by their absence from the make-up of Mr. Russell's perfect man.

Vitality he describes as "pleasure in feeling alive"; it "heightens pleasures and diminishes pain"; it "makes it easy to take an interest in anything that occurs." "Human beings are prone to become absorbed in themselves, unable to be interested in what they see and hear or in anything outside their own skins." While he does not say so, it is to be presumed that this vitality is dependent on a healthy and well-developed body.

Courage is the fruit of "a combination of self-respect with an impersonal outlook on life"—an inner integrity that stands on its own feet, unafraid. Those who have achieved it take no orders from fear nor do they try to shout it down. It is not the bravery of the sentimentalists; neither the absence of terror nor its control by a prodigious effort of will. It is a highly sophisticated bravery of a man who is sure of himself, sure even of his limitations. "Fear should be overcome," Mr. Russell says, and it is doubtful whether overcome is just the word to express what he has in mind—"fear should be overcome not only in action, but in feeling, and not only in conscious feeling, but in the unconscious as well."

Sensitiveness is the capacity for emotional response. Nor is there anything mawkish about it: "The emotional reaction must be in some sense appropriate; mere intensity is not what is needed. Sympathy, yes, but a discriminating sympathy. It should not only be refined, but extended by the intellect—even so far "as to enable a man to be moved emotionally by statistics."

Intelligence Mr. Russell thinks of as "an alert curiosity," but not the sort that "leads village neighbors to try to peer through curtains after dark." It is a curiosity driven by "a genuine love of knowledge" and corrected by a "certain technique for the acquisition of knowledge," a blend of open-mindedness, trained observation and, above all, courage, courage enough to be free from the mental dependency of creeds and dogmas. "All sorts of intellectual systems," he remarks, "Christianity, socialism, patriotism, &c., are ready, like orphan asylums, to give safety in return for servitude. A free mental life cannot be as warm and comfortable and sociable as a life enveloped in a creed; only a creed can give the feeling of a cosy fireside while the Winter storms are raging without."

This sort of high philosophical discourse, however, occupies comparatively little place in the book. The bulk of it is sharply in contrast: precepts for fathers and mothers on how to rear their children. Taken as a whole, the book is concrete, immediate, concerned with the perplexities of family life and very different from the lofty abstractions of most of his published works. In its abrupt descent from theory to practice it is an interesting reflection of Mr. Russell's own personal experience. He has come to grips with two young children of his own, and evidently takes his parenthood with the greatest concern.

Bertrand Russell.

Mr. Russell makes an interesting distinction between education of character and intellectual education, and to a discussion of each he devotes the second two-thirds of the book. The first six years of a child's life, he maintains, should be mainly the creation of desirable habits of body and mind: what might be called "moral training." If Mr. Russell believed in a moral, or any other, code. "What I mean," he says, "is that after the age of 6 a boy or girl who has been given the right training ought to have habits and desires which will lead in the right direction if a certain care is taken with the environment."

After this, education should be primarily informative and technical. "It is a bad thing," he says, "for intelligence, and ultimately for character, to let instruction be influenced by moral considerations. It should not be thought that some knowledge is harmful and some ignorance is good. The knowledge which is imparted for an intellectual purpose, not to prove some moral or political conclusion."

Mr. Russell's educational views are based on the urgent necessity of an inner independence for a satisfactory life. From the first year, when "there is need of a delicate balance between neglect and indulgence," every effort should be made to enable the child to build up his own way of life out of his own experience. "Our aim in modern education," he remarks, "is to reduce external discipline to a minimum," nor is he unaware that this requires "an internal self-discipline." Again, and here he reaches the heart of modern educational theory: "A human ego, like a gas, will always expand unless restrained by external pressure. The object of education, in this respect, is to let the external pressure take the form of habits, ideas and sympathies in the child's own mind, not of knocks and blows and punishments." He might have added that, like a gas, the human ego is apt to explode if it be clamped down and not allowed its inherent right to expand. "The secret of modern education is to produce results by means of good habits which were formerly produced (or attempted) by self-control and will power."

Mr. Russell applies these general principles to a multitude of parental problems: what to do about fears, the function of play and fancy, how to deal with the instinct to have and to hold, the questions of truthfulness, punishment, affection and sympathy, sex education and the nursery school. But it is happily difficult for Mr. Russell to refrain from illuminating these practical problems with revealing generalizations of his own. In dealing with intellectual education he considers the school curriculum, the relative merits of day and boarding schools and the function of the university.

Along with other present-day educators, Mr. Russell has a passionate conviction that school and college "studies" need no longer be a bore—if it be true the most welcome revolution in history, and perhaps the most important. "The old view," he says, "was that a great deal of it must be dull and that only stern authority will induce the average boy to persist. The modern view is that it can be made delightful through and through." While Mr. Russell believes the modern view "is subject to some limitations," he thinks that, by and large, education can be dominated, both for teacher and taught, by "the spirit of adventure and liberty, the sense of setting out on a voyage of discovery."

Napoleon vs. General February

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN OF 1812 AND THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

THIS history of the greatest military disaster from earliest times down to the collapse of the German armies in 1918 gainst atmosphere from having been written at the sites of the campaign it describes. The historians, like Napoleon, have often failed to understand Russia in their speculations on the causes of the gigantic débâcle. Mr. Belloc, who has gone over the ground, has let the vastness of Russia sink into his soul, sampled the Russian Winter, viewed the Russian rivers and Russian roads, casts aside many hypotheses and accepts the reasoning of the majority of those who took part in the Napoleonic adventure. It was the cold that conquered this great army and sent to Hades the souls of half a million men. *"Deus ennemis! le Czar, le nord. Le nord est vire."*

With all his painstaking explanation and maps showing the strategy of the campaign of 1812 and just where Napoleon missed his aim, Mr. Belloc cannot avoid the mystical interpretation of the events of this year. Tolstoy in "War and Peace" puts everything in the hands of the gods with Napoleon, "ce grand homme," a mere puppet in the fingers of destiny. Mr. Belloc says:

> Yet it was in this departure of his from Dresden that Napoleon threw the dice and challenged the decision already taken in Heaven that the revolution had reached its term, had accomplished its task and that the high tide of its armies must now recede.

In the working out of this decision "already taken in Heaven" Mr. Belloc develops two magnificent might-have-beens. The first is that had Napoleon ended his campaign at Smolensk and never gone to Moscow, Europe would have been turned definitely toward the consolidation of the empire in Western Europe.

Napoleon should have called a halt to all that vast effort at Smolensk [he writes]. The name of that town has still some meaning on the map of Europe today. It is a strategic name in modern war. It should by rights have come to have a corresponding meaning in the history of modern Europe. It should now stand for a bastion which Napoleon should have thrust out eastward and held, while behind it he was organising (or rather the Europe which he had guaranteed was organising for him) a restoration of settled living. The name of Smolensk should stand for the re-establishment of Europe.

The second might-have-been, almost as far-reaching in its implications, is that Napoleon himself and his few remaining officers and soldiers should have been taken at the Beresina. Says Mr. Belloc:

> Napoleon there captured and the Grand Army laying down its arms in a corporate fashion, the Old Guard piling its muskets and the Marshals surrendering their swords, would have been a curtain to a tragedy, and a curtain coming at so complete a moment that no further drama would have followed. These things are spiritual. Germany would have had no need of "liberation"; the garrisons would have fallen apart of themselves. France would not have seen Bonaparte shining again through Napoleon, nor have heard, just at the right moment to save its survival, the Marseillaise of the Hundred Days uprising over the despair of the first restoration.

Moreover, in the reconstruction of Europe Russia would have had the place of greatest prestige. Europe without a Waterloo would have been a different Europe from that which toiled painfully through a century to the crisis of 1914.

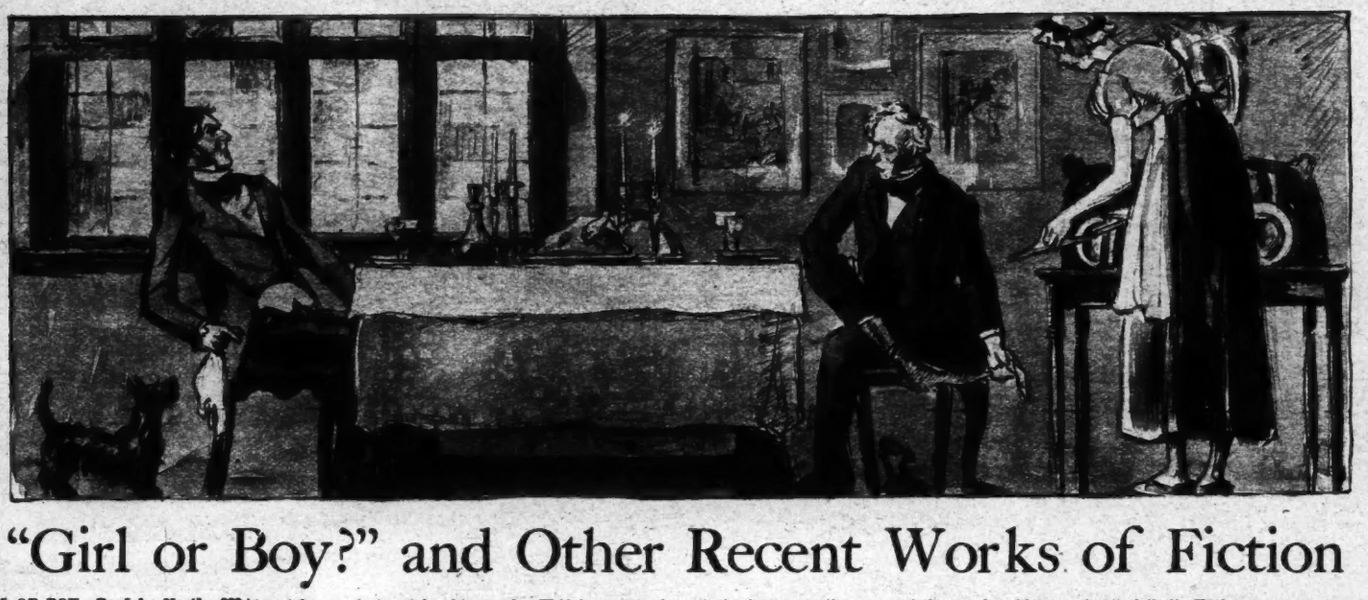
Aside from these interesting speculations, Mr. Belloc's history is excellent from the purely military point of view. The moves of the campaign from the day Napoleon left Dresden until he recrossed the Beresina are set out in copybook clearness. If the decision of the Emperor at Smolensk to continue his march to Moscow, thinking of Russia in terms of Germany or Spain, where the capture of the capital ended a campaign and brought a victory, was the turning point of the campaign, Mr. Belloc puts his finger on the obscure town of Maloyaroslavetz, a little way southwest of Moscow, as the point where the career of the conquering Captain turned downward; the point where he was forced to bow to the will of his enemy.

In telling the familiar story of the retreat from Moscow, the narrative rests on the memoirs of the men who took part in it. The hero is Marshal Ney with the rear guard. Kutusoff, Wittgenstein and the Russians play a negative part. The main theme is the "great cold"—a tragic theme in a country like Russia. The historian might sum it all up in Victor Hugo's line:

> *"Il neigeait. On était vaincu par sa conquête."*

ACUTE EMBARRASSMENT OF A BUDDING STATESMAN

Wordsworth Dining With W. E. Gladstone at His Chambers, Astonished His Host by Taking Off His Grey Homespun Stockings and Revealing Black Silk Hose Underneath.



"Girl or Boy?" and Other Recent Works of Fiction

GIRL OR BOY. *By John North. 286 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.*

THE writers whom Henry James first saluted as the Younger English Novelists have passed on to the middle years. Even the group of sophisticated writers, headed by Aldous Huxley, are passing beyond the pale of young novelists with the last of the Georgians. A new crowd of young writers commands notice. Two young ladies the Misses Sylvia Thompson and Sylvia Townsend Warner, are basking in welcoming applause of the sort that greeted "The Constant Nymph" of Margaret Kennedy. Gerald Bullett has been duly attended to. And now John North, with his first novel, "Girl or Boy," joins this group of clever young writers. Surely, he must be one of the mad wags of Fleet Street.

There has been no advance ballyhoo to celebrate John North. He is not championed by any of the older novelists or critics. Like a gay, reckless blade, his novel comes unannounced with its odd and yet general title, "Girl or Boy: A Satire and A Diversion," which a reading soon makes the diversion suggested in its sub-title. For "Girl or Boy" is a novel of wit and delightful writing. Here is a writer who really practices the art of fiction and the creation of character. To this may be added the gift of elfin observation that sees things gaudily askew. Some of our fantasies in the making have been realities transfigured with dream. This is a composition of dream transfigured into realistic detail.

A playboy imagination twists a workaday world inside out, and yet somehow keeps within the limits of prosaic life. Out of the topsy-turvy nightmare of his fancy—like rabbits out of a hat—he realizes gay and abiding criticisms and truths concerning this Calibanian world. With a magic not unlike the potency of the legend of Cinderella, that could change a coach and four into a pumpkin and mice, John North plays hob with those hard, unchanging facts of life. The world is his oyster—a few words and it is a glittering fish.

Writers have been turning to the commonplace. The suburbanite is having his day in fiction. They are searching for what is behind the casual appearances of the commonplace. Many playgoers have enjoyed the domestic comedy of "The Potters." David Crumps is another Pa Potter. Beneath his humdrum life, latent, there are vague dreams, beauty and aspiration. Routine, slovenly habits and disappointment have sublimated them to vague day-dreams that are but secretly enjoyed. In many ways, indeed, "Girl or Boy" is the realization of many a commuter's wish fulfillment or day dream.

David Crumps had been living with his wife in a suburb thirty minutes from Charing Cross and commuting to London for over twenty years. Both wanted children—but had none. Crumps was a solicitor for advertising on that great metropolitan daily, The Morning Star. Unfortunately, or fortunately, his meekness and careless dress annoyed Denning, a great man who sold space and guided the destiny of The Star's advertising. So Crumps was given a check for two hundred and fifty pounds and retired.

This premature retirement made a new man of Crumps. It put his dander up. It brought him his inspiration that completely—for the time being, anyway—changed his life. It is this capital farce idea that is the basis of the novel. Crumps decides to exploit a world that had exploited him. After a sojourn in Paris Crumps returns to London, a remodeled man, a plate of fashion, with a worthy co-worker, the wastrel Sill, and becomes a nine-day wonder by representing himself as having discovered the solution for that ribald and long-discussed problem of how definitely to select the sex of future children. A complete reversal of situation is presented; Crumps lives royally at the Hôtel Grand Riche; he dominates that great man Denning and his advertising and ideas become the talk of the day.

It had become as much a part of the literature of the English tongue as the more famous passages in Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible. "Deep down in the heart of every mother-to-be there reside those feelings of hope, of dread, of expectancy, which may all be summed in that one poignant phrase, Which will it be? But, be she queen or beggar-maid, she can only await Nature's own unfettered, capricious decision. * * *"

Crumps was no more; the elegant Mr. Marcus Faithful sold the world the mystery of motherhood, and the ladies waited impatiently to attain his advice at a fee. On one pretext or another the faithful Millie in the suburb was put off, while Marcus Faithful cut a gallant figure and cashed in heavily on his idea. In this moment of success appeared the beautiful and seductive, skeptical Annette, who skillfully penetrated the hoax, undid the scheme and put it back again improved. Annette was an enchantress. A life of broad experience had provided a hard intelligence and also much understanding. She wanted the society she had been shut from. She wanted a husband. She understood and appreciated and took Marcus Faithful.

The situation became piquantly involved. The reversal of situation is again in reverse. A deft pathos is mingled with sentiment. The parts of some minor characters, well presented—Bennett, a reporter, Sill and Mrs. Meek, an Amazon-like charwoman—mix adroitly into the byplay of ambition, love and the sense of duty. For, though this is a generous reworking of much that is patent, it is to his credit as a writer that this familiar material is recreated with freshness, for his narrative talent has so handled the relating that parts of it have the suspense and excitement of melodrama. He has achieved that difficult turn of farce-comedy, to complete his narrative with no loss of momentum, interest or amusement. This is contrived until the last sentence.

This effect of sustained narrative has been ably assisted by his human characterization. His people have been rounded off with sympathy and insight. They are in their varied natures attractive and lovable. For the world is the evil protagonist in this novel and its methods of conducting life the pursuing villains. This concept is quite open to the charge of sentimentalism. Still, it makes articulate these hurt romantics with their desire to inherit a small but cherished portion of half real, half fairy life.

The business of satire is well handled. Public life, the workings of the press and advertising are scored in this grotesque lampoon. The public clamor and excitement over the latest sensation, where discrimination is lacking and acceptance general until the next nine-day wonder, are bizarrely ridiculed. A world whose sense is that of screaming head-lines, whose feelings and ideas are of such nature, is treated to a genial and boisterous exposure.

John North is a gay satirist who calls many a sharp turn. His laughter, uniquely, is both searching and hearty. The follies and vanities of the passing show are here. With delicacy and inclusiveness he has handled his broad theme of sex. It is poignant and comic. It has the real intelligent point of view of a civilized man. This is a modern fairy tale for the urbane. He is in kind with Lewis Carroll and Max Beerbohm—writers who have viewed the world keenly and wisely—to in turn record its image in gorgeous and fantastic reflections of finely spun prose, and the degree of North's merit time in its passage will demonstrate. A puckish fellow this John North, with the flair, relish and sunniness of Pan in his laughter.

UNEXPECTED MURDER

THE BODY IN THE SHAFT. *By R. F. Foster. New York: The Siebel Publishing Corporation. $2.*

THIS new book is another contribution to mystery and detective fiction. It has the expected strange murder in the beginning. The plot is further complicated and increased in suspense through the agency of good old mistaken identity. A newspaper man is the Holmes to discover the unsuspected crime. Anthony Ravenhill, a London reporter, after the coroner's jury had pronounced the death of Sir Marston Champney a suicide, continued the examination of the affair until he uncovered evidence of violence. In this pursuit he was assisted by his intimate friend, Storrington, a writer, who shares rooms with him.

As usual in fiction of this type, the finger of suspicion, in the course of unraveling the crime, points from time to time to different people. In this instance the least suspected are not the authors of the crime, which is a departure from tradition. A beautiful woman, a mysterious valet, a madman and a hermit all figure in the scene of the spooky old house in the country.

The criminals of this story are hardly those romantically termed arch-criminals, master minds or equally fancy names. Even the deduction of this so-called Holmes is hardly unique. Not, however, that they lack in interest, but are rather quaint in perception. For a story of this type "The Body in the Shaft" has considerable sentiment and emotional content in its drama.

The beautiful lady comes between the friendly amateur detectives. They quarrel; tears follow. It is recorded thus: "I made up my mind instantly, and, fearful lest I should be tempted, I left the room and walked down the hall to the reporter's bedroom. I tried the door. It was locked!"

In spite of its unconscious comedy—not an unwelcome addition—this story fulfills the demands of detective fiction. It is sure mildly to amuse and entertain the reader, with just sufficient excitement to pass an idle hour or two.

AMERICANS IN TIBET

THE YEAR OF THE WOOD DRAGON. *By Achmed Abdullah. Illustrated. Brentano's. $2.*

THE "Forbidden Land" of Tibet and the mysterious city of Lhassa, home of the Dalai Lama, make a fascinating background for Captain Achmed Abdullah's new tale of adventure, "The Year of the Wood Dragon." This is announced as a story for young folk "from 7 to 70," and its hero, Jimmie Weatherby, is a boy of 15. But though his youth renders possible the elimination of any love interest, and makes his shrewdness, quick-wittedness and self-reliance truly extraordinary, the tale does not differ greatly from an adventure yarn intended for grown-ups.

James Clinton Weatherby, son of an American artist and of an English girl who died soon after he was born, was brought up in the bazaars of the little North Indian town of Chawkpore in the foothills of the Himalayas. When he was 10 years old his father, "a poor white man living like a native," also died, leaving Jimmie as his sole legacy his name, the assurance that he was "an American and a gentleman," and one piece of advice: "Think—think well—then do—at once!" Five years later Jimmie made a friend, his first friend among the white sahibs, in the person of Munro W. Rankin, an American, and chief inspector for the Himayalan districts of the Central Asia Chartered Company, generally known as the "C. A. C. C." Rankin was about to leave for Tibet, and because Jimmie could speak Tibetan and knew several of the hill dialects, he yielded to the boy's plea that he be allowed to accompany his friend into the Forbidden Land. So off they went through passes where the thermometer sometimes registered the mild temperature of 40 degrees below zero, and into Tibetan villages where the method of housecleaning was "to throw all refuse, whatever its origin or nature, out of the window into the roadway and let it remain wherever it falls." Filth, grease and rancid butter would seem to be the Tibetans' chief delights.

Of course it was Jimmie who discovered and thwarted the priests' plot, which but for him would have had fearful consequences, but this part of the tale is less interesting than the descriptions of Tibetan villages and customs, and finally of Lhassa, where Jimmie was lodged in the palace of the Dalai Lama, the "Potala," or Red Palace,

> built out of the granite hillside, soaring up in even tiers, curving inward like a great stone bay dammed by the sweep of the crenellated, winglike battlements, descending into the dip of the valley with an avalanche of bold masonry.

A wonderful place, this, "the home of the Dalai Lama, the Living Buddha, the Jewel in the Lotus!"

Interesting too are the sketches of the Tibetan priests, of the Indian bazaars where Jimmie played, of the swarming villages, and, at the last, of the great "Outer Hall of the Gods," the huge throne room of the Dalai Lama's palace, "surrounded by colonnades of crimson pillars that supported elaborately carved beams, with a paneled ceiling studded with brilliant mosaics of precious stones, while the walls were covered with jade and with miniatures painted on gold and ivory." There the Dalai Lama sat cross-legged on a high dais, and Jimmie, held aloft on the shoulders of a gigantic abbot, a sea of savage faces beneath, and death by torture threatening him, staked his own and innumerable other lives on one bold throw, trusting to his knowledge of Tibetan character and superstition, and finding his trust justified. The book is full of intimate details and gives a vivid picture of the strange land, still so little known, and from which all foreigners were so long excluded.

MYSTERY STORIES

GREEN INK. *By J. S. Fletcher. 339 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.*

MR. FLETCHER is well known as the creator of interesting mystery novels. In this volume he presents fifteen short stories which are as good as his longer work. One of the things which always characterizes Mr. Fletcher's work is his naturalness. In these stories things happen more or less as they occur in every-day life. In a word, he does not force his situations to such an extent that he destroy's one's interest by extreme improbability.

Mr. Fletcher's policemen, for instance, have not the uncanny prescience of most fictional officers of the law. They cannot construct an entire human being from a single hair, but are just ordinary, intelligent men who do the very best they can under the circumstances. Occasionally, however, they cannot get at the cause of murders and robberies. In "Earmarked," for instance, although the detective finds out who committed the robbery, circumstances make it impossible for him to locate the man himself.

In the dramatic "A Collar Stud"

the police find no solution to the murder, although the valet of the dead man is quite aware who killed his master. This pleasant unpretentiousness makes all of Mr. Fletcher's tales seem as real as the day's news, presented by one who knows how to color his facts to lend them interest.

The title story of the book deals with an old sailor who returns to his home village, visits a solicitor and leaves something with him. The next day he is found drowned in a canal. Three weeks later the solicitor is found murdered in his office. The green ink he habitually used is spilled all over the place. It is this ink which finally furnishes the clue to the murderer.

"The Price of Precision" is a humorous tale of a young man who is so struck with the beauty of a girl who is his restaurant table companion that he pretends to have lost his purse, borrowing a small sum from her simply to make her acquaintance. He then promptly loses the card with her name and address which she has given him. Advertising and investigating prove fruitless until one day he comes upon her in the prisoner's docket of a police court, charged with shoplifting. As all good readers know, however, everything comes out all right in the end.

"Why Tell?" is the story of a man who holds a respected position in a small town. A stranger identifies him to the Chief Constable as one who had absconded with the funds of a fraternal order some fifteen years before. The constable's son is in love with the man's daughter, while the constable and he are firm friends. An accident kills the stranger, and it is within the constable's power to quash the whole affair—but it is his duty to investigate. The story is deftly told and the denouement excellent.

The remainder of the stories are on varying themes and all are of about equal interest. "Green Ink" is capital light reading and will kill many odd minutes for any one who likes an O. Henry type of story with the elements of mystery and suspense and an unexpected ending.

A DETECTIVE STORY

THE STRANGE COUNTESS. By Edgar Wallace. 318 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

"THE STRANGE COUNTESS" is—if the list on the cover is correct—Mr. Wallace's eighteenth detective story. It gains and it suffers from this fact; the author knows every trick of the mystery-story trade, but occasionally one wishes that he had not reduced the thing to such a formula. At times his devices, if not his situations, are annoyingly familiar. But such moments of resentment are infrequent. The story is so intricately exciting that one seldom has any interest except in turning to the next page as quickly as possible. This book can be recommended without qualification to any one who desires a few hours of complete isolation from the world.

Among the elements that go to make up this melodrama are: an innocent woman who has spent twenty years in jail, a bogus countess, cruel and calculating; her moronic son, who means well; a villainous doctor, whose wits are too keen for professional ethics; a detective butler, and, of course, a handsome detective who frustrates the attempts to murder the beautiful heroine (who later turns out to belong to the nobility). As for the mechanics of the story, there are murderously reckless automobiles, falling balconies, hidden dictaphones wild automobile and airplane pursuits, poisonous phials, electrically charged books, poisoned candies, solitary houses of imprisonment, &c. These somewhat hackneyed elements are woven into a plausible tale which is continuously exciting. It should be noted that although there is a love story in the book, it is always of secondary importance, and it never in any way interrupts the real plot.

Lois Reddie, the heroine, is a stenographer in a prominent law office in London. She has no relatives and lives in a small apartment with her companion, Lizzy Smith. As the story opens, she finds herself followed day after day by a young man who never actually annoys her, but who always seems to be present. She is very much aggravated by his methods, but is unable to do anything about it. Then she gives up her job in favor of one as the personal secretary of the Countess Moron. Almost immediately she begins to have a series of miraculous escapes from death. She sees constantly Michael Dorn, the young man who has followed her for several weeks, and when they finally meet, he claims to be protecting her from enemies who want to kill her.

Dorn tries to get her to leave the employment of the Countess, but Lois refuses. He then has her put in prison on a bogus charge of attempted murder. The Countess secures her release, but immediately she finds herself imprisoned in a lonely cottage in the country. While all this has been going on, Lois has discovered that her mother, about whom she had never heard, has been falsely imprisoned for murder, and in some way she has secured her release. Suddenly she sees her mother, also a prisoner in this desolate cottage, being lashed with a whip by the housekeeper-jailer. The denouement is skillfully done. All the details of the story are explained in a satisfactory manner, yet the anticlimax is slight.

"The Strange Countess" is quite worthy to take its place beside Mr. Wallace's other stories. It will be hard to find its superior in excitement and sustained interest.

OLD ROUGH AND READY

RIO BRAVO. By Edwin L. Sabin. 344 pp. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company. $2.

OUR Mexican War has always been a fertile field for historical novels of a romantic and melodramatic complexion. The picture of General Zach Taylor (Old Rough and Ready) as he marched through the desolate pioneer lands of the Southwest, defeating haughty Mexican forces which outnumbered his army four or five to one, has admirable glamour and excitement. "Rio Bravo" is merely one more such story, notable only because of the number of well-known names that it is able to work into the plot. The invading army under General Taylor did include a number of men who were famous in the later history of the country, and Mr. Sabin mentions practically all of them—among others, Jefferson Davis, Henry Clay, General Scott, Robert E. Lee, U. S. Grant, George A. Mead, George H. Thomas, the future Generals Bragg, Hardee and Longstreet. Aside from these names—and one fine description of a rough-and-tumble fight—there is little to recommend this book. The plot lacks the sustained excitement of frank melodrama, while its characterization and description are done after the manner of a second-rate Zane Grey.

Mr. Sabin takes care to include in his story plenty of the commodity that used to be referred to as local color. He pictures a recruiting sergeant enlisting country bumpkins at the bar of a village tavern, the danger of travel by coach through the mud holes of a pioneer road, the sordidness of frontier life, the sprightly atmosphere of St. Louis during the days directly preceding the Mexican War.

As has been hinted, to the present reviewer the one really vivid passage in the book is the description of a rough-and-tumble fight between an officer and his top sergeant. The fight continues through half a dozen pages and is well sustained. The following paragraph gives an idea of the author's method:

> The sergeant's knee pounded into his stomach, and drove his breath from him. He was being forced to the deck by sheer weight. He managed to sink slightly, and bow his back; and twisting and pivoting, by Illinois wrestler's shift he lifted the man, farther, farther—the sergeant's boots pummeled him upon the shins, the sergeant's fist was in his hair, the sergeant's body was poised above him, higher and higher and higher; and with the last ounce of strength he hurled the sergeant head foremost over his shoulder and back, but not entirely free. By hair and arm he was dragged in the sergeant's wake.

The story begins with Second Lieutenant Philip Delmar, newly commissioned, making his way from Missouri by way of New Orlean to General Zach Taylor's headquarters in Texas. He is in love with June Eggleston, daughter of a parsimonious farmer and trader. On the trip to New Orleans in true romantic fashion, he keeps running across a beautiful Spanish girl, who with her cousin is on her way to Mexico; and upon each encounter Delmar saves the dusky maiden from some peril. Upon his arrival at army headquarters he finds June and her father there, the latter as a trader trying to exploit the soldiers. As the army invades Texas, Delmar, the Spanish girl and June are always in close proximity, and out of this "triangle" come the conventional jealousies and adventures. The plot is full of far-fetched coincidences, but even so it fails to have any very sustained interest. All in all, "Rio Bravo" must be considered a romantic and sentimental novel of a distinctly secondary order.

FLORIDA ROMANCE

THE LOVE OF MADEMOISELLE. By George Gibbs. Frontispiece. 323 pp. New edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

IT is possible that, among the many thousands of seekers of climate or money, of fashionables, invalids, speculators, boomsters, who recently have been swarming to Florida, there may be some who will turn a wondering thought to the history of that "flowery land," which a facetious twentieth centuryite has dubbed "Uncle Sam's chin whisker," and will wish that he knew something about its early story and the romance that attanded its passing into the hands of colonizers. If there are any such they will find much of that colorful tale cleverly used by George Gibbs in this novel. First published a score or more years ago, in the early days of his successful career as a novelist, under the title "In Search of Mademoiselle," present-day interest in Florida warrants its new appearance. It is a fine, swashbuckling yarn of the days of Queen Bess, and it is concerned with some personal phases and results of the struggle between the French and the Spanish colonists of Florida. It is told in the first person by a sturdy young Englishman who had an active and valorous hand in the complications that led him to Florida, and through many perilous, violent and romantic developments in that land. The author often touches upon or follows the lines of history with care for accuracy, so that the reader will absorb in the reading of a thrilling romance considerable information about a vivid and interesting section in the story of Florida.

"PLAYING GOD"

THE WINDY HILL. By Jennings Perry. 262 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.

MR. PERRY demonstrates in "The Windy Hill" how hard it is, despite intelligence and talent, to write a good first novel. His book is a young man's book—a love story, in the words of his publishers—and it very clearly reveals a young man's literary virtues and defects. "Promising" is the facile word to describe it, and perhaps the truest one. Mr. Perry is not yet a good novelist, but his book has its saving graces. He is forming a personal and distinctive style, he has genuine feeling for characterization, and he has that most saving grace of all, the ability to be interesting.

The story of "The Windy Hill" is that of a man and a woman, with the emphasis placed upon the man. Neither John Starr nor Clita Mose is an altogether conventional portrait in fiction, but where John is an individual, Clita is a type. Fundamentally, she is an intelligent coquette made up of posturings, vanity, selfishness, moments of self-pity and of occasional doubt and kindliness. She likes "playing God" with the men who find her desirable, twisting and managing their lives; she likes playing with fire and supposes she can come off unharmed. She played God with John Starr, who loved her physically and spiritually, as long as she could. He knew it, but couldn't help letting her.

In John, Mr. Perry has gone a long way toward creating an individual, but not quite far enough. The outline is firm and original, but the details are hazy. John's life, for instance, does not seem entirely to bear out his character. A romantic and a dreamer, by nature more idealistic than philosophical but by intelligence just the reverse, he never became quite disillusioned of Clita. Because of her he had to leave the small Tennessee town where they lived, and he understood the import of his leaving; but he came to New York none the less expectant of an eventual realization of his hopes, and it was only after Clita's coming there and a second failure that he accepted the truth.

John's New York life does not seem quite consistent with one's first impression of him. And if Mr. Perry has the right to change that impression, then his development of John's character is not well shown. The successful editor and desirable paramour he becomes subtly fail to blend with the browsing bookworm, the unsuccessful lover and the eventual husband of a woman he did not love. One surmises that Mr. Perry is at fault because he emphasizes John's first and more familiar self and lets his unsuspected self be taken merely on trust. The man is usually more real for what he is than for what he does. In the same way his relationship with Clita, comparatively unhackneyed and in general terms very comprehensible, never achieves significance.

The reader will also find interesting the interludes of the book picturing a group of unexaggerated people who live in Greenwich Village. As individuals they are hardly more than sketches, but as a group they are rather convincing. Their talk is sometimes as good and usually as bad as it is likely to be in life. Mr. Perry impresses his talent upon the reader by having his own style for telling the story. Its individuality is at first a strain upon the reader, not so much because it is somewhat artificial as because it is still somewhat infelicitous. It improves, however, as it goes on, and though Mr. Perry indulges in such awkwardness as "the cajoleries of her pertinacious femininity" and such vulgar perversions of phrase as "she stuck to it teeth and toe nails," he often writes with freshness and even a kind of distinction. "The Windy Hill" is more than a conventional love story and a piece of machine-made competence. It holds out hope for Mr. Perry which his second novel will probably justify.

SWASHBUCKLING ROMANCE

FOR THE KING. By Alan Douglas. 395 pp. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith Company. $2.

RATTLE of musketry, clatter of horses' hoofs on cobbled English streets, the clang of steel against steel, resound through the pages of Alan Douglas's romantic novel "For the King."

The book is a long one, but the interest never sags, for the action takes place in those exciting forty-one days when Charles II, pursued by Cromwell's men after his disastrous defeat at Worcester, slips through the fingers of the Roundhead soldiers and, after all sorts of hair-breadth escapes, finally manages to flee to France and safety. There are graphic descriptions of the young King's concealment in the historic oak, his hidings at Boscobel, Moseley and Bentley Hall; his hazardous journey to Abbots Leigh, disguised as a servant to Miss Lane; to Trent, and finally to the George Inn at Brighton.

And during all this time, although he is recognized by a score of persons along the road, none of them betrays him, despite the reward of £1,000 offered for his capture or of the death penalty threatened for aiding his concealment. Such incidents heighten the well-maintained feeling of suspense.

Charles Stuart is drawn as an unattractive, thin-faced, long-nosed, somewhat pimply stripling of 21, with melancholy eyes and a large, ugly mouth, who, somehow, manages to inspire unswerving loyalty among his followers. He has a deep concern for the remnant of his army while they are visible; but once out of his sight, he dismisses them from his mind; and he likewise possesses to a degree the royal faculty for forgetting unessentials.

Pitted against him as important protagonist is Oliver Cromwell, who is here shown as a strange man and a whimsical; unselfish, albeit ambitious; simple, yet subtle; fearful, although reliant; vain, and unmindful of self. A lion to his enemies, yet gentle to his friends and dependents; unyielding in his religious beliefs, though capable of great forbearance, he is the friend and patron of the young hero, Stanley Mat-

(Continued on Page 22)

Richard Garnett's Lambent Wit

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. By Richard Garnett. Introduction by T. E. Lawrence. The Blue Jade Library. 304 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

"THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS" belongs, in spirit as well as in extrinsic history, to the family of "The Essays of Elia." Richard Garnett, like Charles Lamb, was not a professional man of letters. Both men wrote to please themselves and to give themselves diversion and an outlet for gifts of observation, reflection and phrase, which were not fully accommodated in their more formal occupations. Lamb, the demure clerk at East India House, and Richard Garnett, the courteously attentive and scholarly librarian of the British Museum reading room, carried through the round of daily tasks with a grave demeanor that did not altogether conceal the tongue in the cheek. They relieved their minds in the sly mockery of their respective essays and stories. Richard Garnett is the more robust and keener wit, while Lamb is the gentler, more appealing humorist.

The Garnett family is one of the phenomena of English literature. Richard Garnett mastered an enormous variety of learning, which willingly served him in his leisure in the production of the graceful, polished stories of "The Twilight of the Gods." His son, Edward Garnett, is a distinguished critic, and his grandson, David Garnett, is author of those charming fantastic romances, "Lady Into Fox" and "The Sailor's Return." Richard Garnett published his collection of tales in 1888. Apparently it was neglected by the public; according to T. E. Lawrence's introduction for the English reprint, it was a precious possession of the few. Mr. Lawrence writes that "Swinburne loved it"; "Flecker, the inquiring poet, stole his first copy"; "Mr. Wells, a writer of very different texture, has praised it in print"; "Wilde's satisfaction is some testimony to the wit." Mr. Lawrence has discovered that the number of ardent admirers of "The Twilight of the Gods" is much larger than the number of actual purchasers. He concludes that borrowing and stealing were extremely active.

This tribute of failing to return a book is understandable in the case of "The Twilight of the Gods." Mr. Garnett had evidently read widely in the pagan literature of Greece and Rome, and absorbed the art and philosophy and religion of Byzantium, of Persia, of China and of the Middle Ages. One story is a mock legend of the release of Prometheus, in the fourth century, when the Olympian gods were disregarded, and the enmity between the fire-bringer and Zeus was no longer a matter of moment. Another concerns a disciple of the Chinese sage, Lao-Tse, and the longing of an emperor for eternal life. A third is a delightful, ironic study of the change in doctrine which a teacher discovers in his truth when it is taken to the market place. Each story is studded with brilliant dialectic, witty turns of phrase, bits of mordant satire, which are recognized with a quiet smile and which tempt the reader to return again and again. The collection of tales is the sort of book that is apt to stay out of the library shelves and to be enjoyed in rereading at odd moments.

One of the happiest stories is "Madam Lucifer," wherein it appears that the Prince of Darkness has his own troubles. He contrives to exchange forms with a young man, and is about to make the most of his opportunities, including the youth's beauteous fiancée, when the Inspector of Devils checks him. There has been a shake-up, it appears, and the old Inspector, with whom Lucifer had a friendly understanding, has been deposed. The new Inspector wastes no time with fine, imprisonment or admonition. He simply delivers Lucifer to his wife, who has a summary fashion of handling the poor old gentleman's whiskers and top hair.

"The Purple Head," among several amusing features, contains a neat problem in jurisprudence. An unfortunate philosopher is haled before a king as a smuggler and rebel, because his hair is dyed with the color which is the peculiar prerogative of royalty. The disputation between them revolves about the King's statement that "thou mightest as well contend that the law is bound to regard thee in thy abstract condition as a human being." Medieval toxicology figures in "The Poison Maid," and a more abstruse alchemy takes a part in "The Bell of Saint Buschemon," "The Elixir of Life" and "The Talismans." There are twenty-eight tales in the volume, each of which has its suggestion of bookish matters, and each of which propounds a sardonic question concerning the accepted verities. "The Twilight of the Gods" is so good that, as Mr. Lawrence counsels, it is as well not to lend it at all, lest it never come back.

JOHN W. CRAWFORD.

Sun and Meadow And Woodland

Five Books to Match the Restlessness of Spring

THE MEADOWS. Familiar Studies of the Commonplace. By John C. Van Dyke. Frontispiece. 345 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THE LOG OF THE SUN. A Chronicle of Nature's Year. By William Beebe. Illustrated by Walter King Stone. New edition. 321 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.

ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. 226 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. $2.50.

SECRETS OF THE FRIENDLY WOODS. By Rex Brasher. Illustrated by the author. 220 pp. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

THE LONE SWALLOWS. By Henry Williamson. 227 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Over the Hill, By Charles H. Davis.

Courtesy of Milch Galleries. (From International Studio, March, 1926.)

FOR those who love it the out of doors is beautiful all the year round, but never is its allure so great as in the Spring, and never do man's thoughts and desires turn to it with such compelling urge as now, when it invites with supreme beauty and mystery. But if, as happens to so many prisoners of the city, one cannot go a-wandering to read Nature's own pages, one can do the next best thing and enjoy the pages of those whose love and knowledge and skill have described and interpreted her face and her ways. And even if one can seek the outdoors one's self, it increases the pleasure of the occasion to read what some one else has seen and enjoyed and compare it with one's one experiences. Therefore, these five books are of special timeliness just now, whether for salving the restlessness of those who long to go afield but cannot, or for companioning the jaunts of those who can.

Professor John C. Van Dyke's "The Meadows" adds an interesting and unusual volume to his series of outdoor studies—"The Desert," "The Mountain," "The Opal Sea" and others—that have had during the last quarter century so many delighted readers. In those he interpreted and described, with all the understanding and the sensitiveness to beauty of the poet and the student of art that he is, striking, impressive, fascinating manifestations of Nature. But in this new book he devotes himself to the humblest and most ordinary aspects of Nature in her most commonplace moods. And he finds therein rare beauty and keen interest and tells about them in that same exquisite English in which he celebrated the eery fascinations of the desert, the splendors of the ocean and the overwhelming wonders of the Grand Canyon. The valley of that little, sluggish, inconsequent New Jersey river, the Raritan, gives him his scene and theme, and he hails it in his first line with the exclamation, "This is my own, my native land!" He notes that "In two hundred years no one has thought it worth while even to damn it with faint praise," and he insists many times upon its commonplaceness. But he has written a beautiful and fascinating book, full of note and comment and observation and anecdote about the plant and animal life, the birds and little beasties and insects, the trees and flowers and weeds, of the meadows and river banks that, he says, he has known almost all his life. The twelve chapters follow, in a desultory sort of way, the months of the year, and one finds scattered all through the pages such comment as, "The crows are the coyotes of the air," or "A spray of bronze-green cedar makes my apple-green tea-jar of the best Chinese kiln look like a common crockery door-knob." In one chapter is an interesting discussion of whether or not trees can be considered to have intelligence.

William Beebe's "The Log of the Sun" is a reprint of one of his earliest books and was first published twenty years ago. Its reappearance now carries a double attraction for the great circle of readers he has won since then by the importance of his investigations and the charm of his books, for to its intrinsic value is added the interest that adheres always in first experiments that have led the way to notable success. The book contains fifty-two short essays divided into twelve sections of four or five each that deal with as many phases of each month of the year. For January, for instance, the author discourses pleasantly and out of much observation about the birds of the snow, about cedar waxwings and their importance as planters of trees, about what Winter means to insect life, about the changes in coloration for protective purposes of certain birds and small furred animals and about the marvelous phenomena afforded by a snowstorm. June leads him to comment on the exuberance of song among mating birds and their interesting and sometimes mysterious behavior at that time, on the peculiar traits of turtles, on the wonderful things that can be discovered by half an hour's observation in a marsh and, at much greater length and as if prophetic of his latest studies, some of the secrets of the ocean that study of the shore waters will reveal. New York City dwellers ought to be especially interested in the article opening the July section, for it deals with the wild birds which nest in the Bronx Zoological Park and proves how fearless of man these feathered wildings are if they feel sure of protection. Mr. Beebe says that he once made a census of wild birds nesting in this park and found that no fewer than sixty-one species build their nests here and successfully rear their young. Among them were four species of vireos, five of flycatchers and eight of wood warblers, of which one was the rare Lawrence warbler. In "The Silent Language of Animals" he tells many instances of the use of their senses which animals make, especially of sight, smell and hearing, for communication with one another and the guidance of their actions. Mr. Beebe gives evidence of his lack of prejudice and his willingness to judge each created thing by its own merits in his article entitled "A Plea for the Skunk," wherein he tells the reader how he can prove for himself that "there is nothing vicious in the heart of the skunk." Prophetic again of his more recent investigations is an article on sponges. In the December section he goes a-nesting and develops some new and interesting thoughts about these homes of the birds, a subject which, he declares, "has been sadly neglected by naturalists." "The Personality of Trees" should be read along with Professor Van Dyke's discussion of their intelligence. The English sparrow draws his attention also and in one article he sets forth some "lessons" to be learned by watching it. The book compares well in its interest, the skill with which it is written and its literary charm with Mr. Beebe's later volumes, although, of course, it lacks some of the ripeness of philosophy that comes with years, and its field of observation, being that of ordinary life in or near cities, has not the exotic allurement of his recent studies. The full-page pictures in tints by Walter King Stone, of which there is one for each article, are of fine and striking artistic quality.

Herbert Ravenal Sass offers in "Adventures in Green Places" another collection of his essays descriptive of his observations of nature in South Carolina. His previous book, "The Way of the Wild," so clearly proved his worthwhileness as a nature writer that any one who read it will welcome this new collection of articles, of which many have already had magazine publication. To the Northern reader and nature lover Mr. Sass's books have the added interest and pleasure of dealing with a new and different aspect of wild life. For nearly all American nature books have been written by men of the North and a large percentage have dealt with New England and its neighboring regions, although some of the especially notable ones have been concerned with the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Sass, however, takes us to the woods and fields and swamps, the mountains and the seashore of his own South Carolina and describes and interprets so seductively what is to be seen there that he opens wide for the lover of the outdoors a whole new and alluring region. There are sixteen essays. The first one, bearing the inviting title, "Enchanted Waters," tells about the interesting things Mr. Sass has run across in the "little enchanted lagoons" that abound in the region where he lives. There one finds feathery cypress foliage draped with long banners of gray Spanish moss, big black terrapins, egrets, Louisiana herons, half a dozen other kinds of herons, bitterns, snakebirds, white ibis. But the most interesting part of this paper, which is so fascinating throughout that no lover of wild life, and especially of wild birds, should miss it, deals with the colonies of snowy egrets that he has found in these secluded lagoons where once more they are building their nests and rearing their young in safety, where he has seen them indulging in their ecstatic evening dance. Notwithstanding all that has been written about the red bird, or cardinal, the author fills an entertaining chapter with account of his observations of its prowess. How the denizens of the woods try to deceive one another with disastrous intent is told in "Woods Treacheries." Mr. Sass insists on the great amount of pleasure and of nature lore afforded by a garden, even a city garden, and devotes parts of several chapters to description of his own satisfactory observations in such limited quarters. He writes with exceptional charm and beauty, while the fact that for so many readers his scene is new and different, and evidently very beautiful, adds to the attractiveness of his books.

For years Rex Brasher has been painting the birds of the United States, his ambition being to make a portrait gallery of American birds that will include every feathered fellow-resident of his native land. In that enterprise he navigated for a year a little sloop, the Phalarope, in and out and through the intricate waterways of the eastern shore of Maine to Florida. Further pursuing that enterprise—and doubtless in both cases pursuing and gaining, his own deepest happiness—he engaged in the adventure which he outlines in the first chapter of this new book, "Secrets of the Friendly Woods." This was the purchase of an abandoned farm in New York State, within a hundred miles of New York City, but isolated alike from neighbors and the face of civilization. The mountains and woods and the narrow valley wherein the house was set form the background of many of the sketches which compose the book and gave him unlimited opportunity for the observation of birds and small animals which kept busy his pallette and his pen. Some of the sketches are scened elsewhere, in whole or in part, in the Maine woods, perhaps, or along the shores of the South, but always he writes of personal observations. He writes in easy conversational style and he likes to throw his material whenever possible into a more or less dramatic form. And he is well endowed with a sense of humor that makes him frequently view the actions of the busy furred and feathered world with an affectionate amusement. The book is copiously illustrated with full-page reproductions of the author's pictures of birds and beasts in their own environment and in characteristic situations.

Henry Williamson is a young Englishman who has shown in several books a peculiar gift for writing about the intimate ways of nature. In this new one, "The Lone Swallows," he has collected almost thirty short essays which deal with many and varied scenes and subjects of the English countryside. He is keenly sensitive to the beauty of sky and earth and feels poignantly the small tragedies of bird and animal life. There is fine literary quality in most of these sketches, which seem dominated by the sense of some overhanging destiny against which it is as useless for birds as for men to struggle. The animal life and the backgrounding scene of his essays are both vividly English, and so offer contrast and fresh interest to the American reader. The scene is chiefly in Devonshire and Mr. Williamson pictures it in a prose that is singularly beautiful.

Did Lafcadio Hearn Hate Japan?

(Continued from Page 2)

glad to hear of a student studying engineering, architecture, medicine—or any branch of applied sciences." He was of the opinion that "literature is a subject that you can study best outside of schools and colleges." Equally convinced was he that literature can never be studied by organizing "literary societies." "The great Japanese who wrote famous books and painted famous pictures did not need societies to help them," wrote Hearn to a coterie of students who were going to organize a society for the study of English literature. "Social organization is essentially opposed to original effort, to individual effort, to original thinking, to original feeling."

Lafcadio Hearn died in September, 1904, at the age of four-and-fifty. A few months before he had resigned his chair at the Imperial University. Failing health caused by overwork, and the persisting feeling, perhaps justifiable, that some one or another was scheming to force him out, had impelled him to take this course. He had completely isolated himself, denying himself even the comradeship of old and tried friends. Many a foreigner, attracted by his fame, wended his way to his suburban home at Tokio only to meet with a blunt rebuff at his portal. At the Imperial University he seldom conversed with other professors. He would spend recess hours strolling musingly on the campus, or poring upon the face of the pond. To the last he was a heroic worker, always revising his lectures, always reading the papers written by his students, besides preparing manuscripts for publication in America. Yet the people, amid whom he lived and toiled, did not know how to appreciate him, and the Imperial University grudged him even the usual privilege of a sabbatical year. When he succumbed under the load of life, his fond hope of making modest provision for his beloved wife and four children had remained unfulfilled. It was the old story—we slander, stone and slay the prophet, and then dedicate a shrine to his spirit. Now that Hearn is no more, Japan is in a penitent mood, anxious to atone for the neglect meted out to a great writer and a greater benefactor when he was in urgent need of the sympathy and appreciation of which he was more than deserving.

Insoluble Mystery of the "Swinburne Problem"

New Additions to "Algernoniana" Suggest Reasons for His Temporary Eclipse

SWINBURNE. By Harold Nicholson. 307 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE BONCHURCH EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. The tragedies. Volumes VII to X. New York: Gabriel Wells.

AFTER being gravely pronounced dead by a hundred and one critics, Algernon Charles Swinburne continues to come bravely to life. The real reason for this is that there is a Swinburne problem, a mystery that has never been quite solved. Sir Edmund Gosse indicated the nature of this mystery in his biography of Swinburne, a work that for felicitious and ample treatment remains as yet unsurpassed, and John Drinkwater, in a study too good to be as completely forgotten as it appears to be, approached the problem from the critical standpoint. Now comes Harold Nicholson, known heretofore as the author of an amazingly readable book on Tennyson, with "Swinburne," an addition to that new English Men of Letters Series which J. C. Squire is editing as a prolongation of Morley's excellent library. It is both biography and criticism, but the biography is primarily aimed at a further elucidation of the Swinburne problem. That problem, it may be stated once and for all, is concerned with the curious ossification of the poet of the first "Poems and Ballads" and the influence of Theodore Watts-Dunton on the man's genius. Swinburne, it must be remembered, was, in his youth, of a most volatile temperament and addicted to excessive alcoholic potations. He shattered his health, his self-control and his dignity, and was beginning to lose even his pride in his own genius when Watts-Dunton rescued him from the Bohemianism of London and took him to The Pines, Putney, where the poet passed thirty uneventful parochial years. We have here the spectacle of an eagle with clipped wings, a sea-mew banded and wasting his genius on poems to babies. Certainly he was more respectable than he had been in the old days when Adah Isaacs Menken lured him with her charms. But where was the genius, the flaming disciple of liberty, the fervid follower of Victor Hugo and Mazzini? It seems to be pretty well established now that Watts-Dunton's kindly mothering influence stemmed this ardor and shifted the genius of Swinburne into more straight and domestic paths. Mr. Nicholson thinks that this is partially so, although he strives (somewhat half-heartedly, it must be confessed) to point out the good side of Watts-Dunton.

His book, as a whole, is an entertaining and modern survey of the poet's career, with a rapid albeit thorough consideration of the prime springs of Swinburne's genius. It is logically put and filled with a lively zest. The one flaw in the work seems to be that Mr. Nicholson accepted his theme as a duty, that his heart was not wholly in it, and the result is now and then a trifle forced. He is still sufficiently interested in Swinburne, however, not to grow too cut and dried in his evaluations and the little work, as a whole, is animated enough. He belongs, after all, to that group of English critics who have discovered the varying springs of our modernities are implicit in Victorian phenomena, although Swinburne is hardly to be catalogued with the usual Victorian figures. His book by no means exhausts the Swinburne problem. Indeed, it is already rumored that T. Earle Welby is at work on a long biography of the poet that will appear in the Fall.

Coincident with Mr. Nicholson's "Swinburne" come four more volumes in the finely printed Bonchurch Edition of the Complete Works of Algernon Charles Swinburne, and here the Swinburne lover will experience a disappointment. Not even the fair margins, distinguished type and plain but aristocratic binding will make up for the fact that the three youthful plays mentioned in the general introduction to this set have been omitted. One is intensely desirous of seeing these efforts that preceded "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund." In the six volumes of collected poetry which composed the opening instalment of this definitive set there was a generous amount of unpublished youthful verse (although not all, by any means, as those readers who were fortunate enough to look over the privately printed pamphlets of Thomas Wise will know) and it threw certain interesting sidelights on the precocity and astonishing technical prowess of the young man who so amazed the Oxford of his time. The youthful plays might have added to this revelatory light on the mind of the young man. Of course, it is an open secret that some of Swinburne's work is unprintable (at least for a general public) but this can hardly have been the case with these plays.

Excepting for this omission, the four volumes of tragedies are all that can be desired. The fact that "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Erectheus" have been torn from their places among the poems (a place where Swinburne after due thought placed them himself) may vex some readers who choose to consider these works as poems and not as dramas, but this is a small matter, after all. They are there and that is enough. It is impossible to say anything new about Swinburne's plays. From the monumental "Bothwell" to the slight framework of "The Duke of Gandia" they reveal the peculiar essence and archaic poetical slant of the writer. They are not always on the high level where they should be and portions of the Mary Stuart trilogy sag lamentably. Swinburne sensed the high poetry of history but he did not always convey it to his readers. But these plays are filled with purple passages and dramatic scenes. Great lines from them beat on the brains of readers and it becomes clear, on running through them again, that Swinburne possessed some (not much, perhaps) of the exalted zest of the Elizabethans. His fault is the fault of imitativeness, but it is such an astonishing approximation of earlier styles that the reader can almost accept it as the real thing.

Ten volumes of this Bonchurch edition remain to be issued and all of them will contain prose. It is rumored that a deal of new matter will be crammed into these volumes and it is to be hoped that the editors do not disappoint their readers. Swinburne lovers look forward to uncollected items with so pathetic an expectation that it is absolute cruelty to shatter their hopes.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

From a New Volume Entitled "Portrait Drawings by William Rothenstein," With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm. (London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd.)

Decline of New England

(Continued from Page 3)

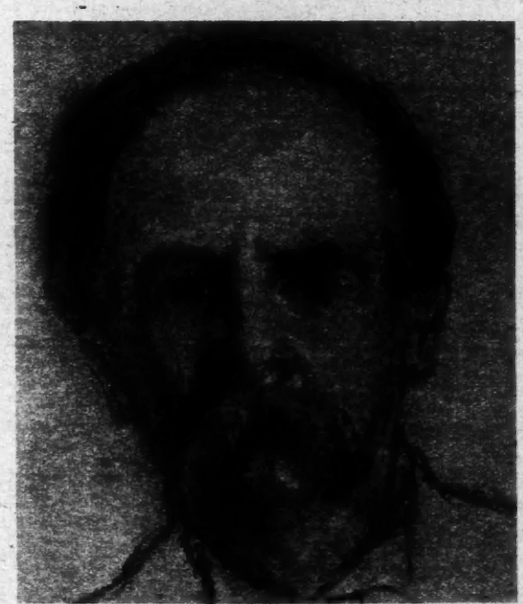
land," Mr. Adams remarks, "could not be better shown." The only sectionalism that it understood was its own, while of the forces making for expansion it seemed hardly to have an understanding at all.

Mr. Adams, who permits himself rather more than the usual license of historians in reflecting upon the significance of events, observes that while democracy is still young and its future undeterminable, "the history of New England shows us again and again, as a matter of practical statecraft, how 'the wise, the rich and the good' have shown less collective wisdom than the members of the despised lower orders, as well as a more bitter class spirit, a narrower intellectual outlook and a less broadly human attitude toward life." What completed the overthrow of the class which he thus arraigns was the reconstitution of the New England population through westward migration and the incoming of foreigners, the long-continued backwardness of agriculture, the decline of foreign trade with the rise of industrialism and the successful assaults upon the power of the clergy. No one of these is to be singled out as most important, nor did they take exactly the same shape in all the States, but their combined operation after 1815 took from New England its distinctive sectional character and merged its subsequent history in that of the republic.

The severe judgments which characterize Mr. Adams's previous volumes do not greatly lean to mercy as he brings his great task to a close. The intellectual leadership in affairs with which the name of New England has long been associated turns out to have been, when coolly analyzed, a curious mixture of provincialism, reaction and intolerance alike in politics and social life. The literature that flowered in New England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century was indeed, to some extent at least, "the sudden discovery of romance, of culture, of altruism, of optimism, of self-reliance and the sense of one's own individuality," but its emergence "marked not America's maturity nor even its coming of age, but its adolescence."

The Unitarian movement, while it broke the hold of Calvinist orthodoxy, was hardly more satisfying in the domain of religion than was the transcendentalism in the field of philosophy, and the far-famed education of the common schools was attended by physical surroundings truthfully characterized as "atrocious." If love of man and freedom was ever, in New England of the sectional period, more than a form of words with which to bolster the pretensions of a class, it was long in reaching to the negro, and not until the abolitionists had been treated with scandalous harshness did the better opinion of the region swing at last to the anti-slavery side.

Historians, however, must be content to tell the story, leaving to moralists the balancing of virtues and defects. Something of fascination there will always be about a society whose leaders knew their own minds clung stoutly to their beliefs and prejudices, crushed opposition with a strong hand and drove the masses before them in reluctant but effective obedience. As with the England of the Whigs, so with the New England of the Federalist fathers, one who was not born to place and power could not easily acquire standing in the clan, and the disappearance of the protective coloration of family and class was a strenuous process not unmixed with pain and not entirely pleasant to observe. The traveler who has time to dig below the surface may still find traces of the old tradition, but provincial New England has passed. Mr. Adams, having traced it from its birth to its maturity, has now worthily chronicled its demise.



Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Portrait by William Rothenstein.

Mr. Barrymore Flippantly Dramatizes His Own Life

"Confessions of an Actor" Is an Unassuming Story of Theatrical Life

John Barrymore as Richard III in His Recent Revival at the Criterion Theatre.

Photo by Francis Bruguiere.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTOR. By John Barrymore. Illustrated with photographs. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

"DRESSING up for a show" is very apt to be an actor's pleasure as well as his business—that is, if he is a true "showman." It is, naturally, unreasonable to suppose that the histrionic temperament is a sort of outer garment, to be worn bravely enough on stage, but to be decorously left on a hook in the dressing room when the night's miming is done. If the actor has no one else to mimic, he will probably be found to be presenting a travesty of himself. Yet this aspect of the mummer's career is one which is not infrequently omitted from the official memorabilia of the stage. These biographies and autobiographies usually list programs and press notices, describe costumes and triumphs, and, in the end, amount to little more than a gigantic "puff," as if at last the discontented performer has had a chance to do a good job by his own press agenting. John Barrymore's "Confessions of an Actor" is a welcome variation. He is not averse to telling a good joke at his own expense, or to revealing a less serious side to the limelit progress.

Barrymore's "Confessions" is no such dreadful spilling of green-room beans as the title might imply. Secrets of the craft, both savory and useful, are not to be found within the moderate quantity of unnumbered pages. Barrymore tells what he, together with most players, authors, producers, stage hands, electricians, scene painters, costumers, ushers, managers and cashiers, thinks of the stage only to those who insist upon reading meanings between the lines. Barrymore takes that for granted, as well as much of his private and public life, as being either common property or his personal affair. His recollections, cast in the engaging and entertaining form of causeries, lend themselves to the narration of precisely those informal manifestations of the principle which motivates actors in the choice of a profession, but which is customarily not brought to mind in print.

Gay self-mockery, childlike vanity, huge animal spirits and a complete absence of "side" characterize the Barrymore who is revealed in his own mirror. Barrymore deliberately and charmingly betrays himself in the very act of dramatizing his occasions. He seems almost to be defying those who are reverent of the Barrymore tradition in the theatre to take him more seriously than he takes himself. He would have the reader believe that he grew up in the home of Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore, listening to them talk shop with his grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, and his uncle, John Drew, and regarded it all as "conversation nine feet high," which had nothing to do with himself. He wanted to be an artist, or failing that, a writer. Indeed, he took to the stage when he saw that painting and literature, in his case, did not pay a living wage.

Early in his career Barrymore volunteered to help out his sister Ethel, then appearing in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks." One of the players was unexpectedly called away for one performance. He did not know his lines or his business, but went to the theatre "as nonchalantly as if it were to a dinner." In his one good scene he forgot his lines and said to the terrified and perspiring actor who was with him on the stage: "Well, I've blown up! Where do we go from here?" In a sense, the implied attitude has apparently guided Barrymore from the first. He himself acknowledges as the principal operative force in his affairs an exceeding indolence. "Because of my virtue of laziness," he writes, "I have had to work doubly hard whenever I have accomplished anything at all in the creation of a character and the projection of a play."

Ending a play in what seems to be the middle of the run is a well-known trait of John Barrymore's. He accounts for this by his dread of becoming stale. "There is creation in the rehearsal period," he finds. After the part and the production become set, it is a matter of going through the same paces eight times a week, until all freshness and spontaneity are gone. He admits that the trouper, who can go through with anything, almost as a matter of routine, is a valuable, and possibly enviable, person. Managers would be lost without him. But Barrymore cannot and will not work that way.

The earthquake of 1906 in San Francisco provides Barrymore with anecdotes in his happiest vein. He was playing with Willie Collier at the time. The incorrigible Collier, sitting in his bedroom slippers and a flamboyant dressing gown, called to him across Union Square: "Go West, young man, and blow up with the country." Barrymore had spent the night preceding the catastrophe at the home of a friend in the suburbs. He was still in evening dress. Diamond Jim Brady caught sight of him as he wandered about taking in the spectacle, and brought back to New York the report that "Jack Barrymore dressed for the earthquake." Barrymore ruefully observes: "A great deal of my reputation for eccentricity had, I think, its origin in this incident."

Barrymore wrote a long letter to his sister Ethel. He wanted "to make it a good one and worth at least a hundred dollars," so he told how he was thrown out of bed by the first tremors, and later, weak from exhaustion and privation, had been cruelly "put to work sorting stones by the soldiers." He relates that Ethel read the letter aloud to their uncle, John Drew, who became more and more silent and grave. She stopped and asked: "What's the matter, Uncle Jack? Don't you believe it?"

"I believe every word of it," he answered. "It took a convulsion of nature to make him get up and the United States Army to make him go to work."

As the quoted passages will indicate, the tone throughout is disarmingly personal. In that very fact lies a confirmation of the peculiar strength and weakness of Barrymore's position. He frankly conceives of the stage as an opportunity for the exercise of the actor's personality. He tacitly recognizes the opposite position by quoting, in full, a letter from G. Bernard Shaw on the subject of the Barrymore "Hamlet" in London. "Every one," Shaw wrote, "felt that the occasion was one of extraordinary interest; and so far as your personality was concerned they were not disappointed." Shaw then took decided issue with Barrymore on the subject of cutting Shakespeare. He accuses Barrymore of saving "an hour and a half on Shakespeare by the cutting, and filled it up with an interpolated drama of your own in dumb show." Shaw calls it "a pretty daring thing to do." He indicates the dubious quality of the "erotic, neurotic" play which Barrymore substituted, so to speak, for "Hamlet."

Shaw's letter strikes at the very heart of Barrymore's premise: that the personality of the actor weighs more than the play, no matter what the play. Barrymore is, palpably, fully alive to this significance of the Irish playwright's pronouncement. The letter, aside from its application to the specific instance of the Barrymore "Hamlet," is a sound document which should be seriously considered in the course of contemplated Shakespearian productions. Shaw urges that the plays be given with few or no cuts. "It never flags nor bores," Shaw asserts, "Done in any other way Shakespeare is the worst of bores."

Barrymore does not answer the letter in his text. He concludes with a brief allusion to the screen version of Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," on which he was at that time about to embark. He has nothing but praise for the movies; he thoroughly enjoys working for them, and finds the training invaluable when he returns to the stage. It is significant of his courage, his healthful self-assurance and his unobtrusive, almost deprecatory, interest in and pride of craft. The letter is illuminating and provocative, if slightly uncomplimentary, and Barrymore accordingly includes it.

"Confessions of an Actor" is no such epitome of aspirations, of lessons hardly won, of the slow evolution of a creative attitude toward the stage as may be found in "My Life in Art," by Constantin Stanislavsky. It is not a great source-book, at once for dramatic criticism and for the business and the calling of the theatre as Stanislavsky's work is. Barrymore's references to the parts he has filled are casual, almost perfunctory. His "Confessions" comprise delightful anecdotes of his irresponsible youth, when he was often put to all sorts of dodges to get a room or a meagre supper; typical instances of the showman's madwaggery; and naive allusions to the potent spell of applause and press notices. After all, the book sets out to express no more than the personality of John Barrymore, and this it does to perfection. Unquestionably, by the evidence, it is a fascinating and an arresting personality.

Disraeli and Gladstone in a Dual Biography

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE. A Duo-Biographical Sketch. By D. C. Somervell. 319 pp. New York: George H. Doran & Co. $3.50.

By T. J. C. MARTYN

THERE would seem to be some little difficulty about having even a "kind of affection" for both Disraeli and Gladstone, as the author says he has; for the two statesmen, although for the major part of their careers in opposite political camps, differed fundamentally in sheer intellectual and temperamental capacities—Disraeli suave, shrewd, amusing, subjectively sentimental; Gladstone remote, dull, blunt, objectively sentimental. Both were mysterious persons in the eyes of their contemporaries. In this respect, however, Disraeli could be condoned, because everybody expected a Jew to be different from the ordinary run of politicians; but Gladstone, No—he was so superlatively honest that, as the author says, if he found he had a card up his sleeve he could always say the Lord God put it there.

The men had one thing in common. "Dizzy," it was discovered after his death, apart from his prodigious writings of novels and to persons of note, especially Queen Victoria, actually wrote sixteen hundred letters to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford in the last eight years of his life. The G. O. M., on the other hand, was a diarist who wrote "pure crude fact"—unlike "Dizzy" who believed that "fancy with fact is but one fact the more"—giving an "arithmetical record of hours spent in study and in the House of Commons, lists of books read, trees felled and mileage walked."

The political roles of these two statesmen are too well known to need much explanation. "Dizzy" began as a Radical and ended as a Conservative Imperialist. The G. O. M. began as a Tory and ended as a Liberal Little Englander, or something akin to it. The former, chiefly self-educated and a Jew, had to fight every inch of his way to the Premiership. The latter, with his "double first" at Oxford, had his way paved to the great office from the start. Both, curiously enough, were fervent churchmen—Disraeli from political expediency, one feels; Gladstone from firm faith.

These are some of the things upon which Mr. Somervell touches. He gives an accurate, a reasonably wide and a remarkably vivid comparison of the characters and careers of the two outstanding Victorian statesmen, in which, to use the words of another distinguished statesman, he has managed to be excessively impartial.

In his introduction the author remarks: "A sketch such as the present can only proceed by a system of wholesale discarding, and in such a process there is always the danger that the player may throw away his best cards." The selection of material, on the whole, has been commendable, but there would seem to be no excuse for omitting such relatively important matters as the beginning of Disraeli's first ministry, the majority for his second, and the date of Lady Beaconsfield's death. Neatly brought out, however, is the ex-Kaiser's congratulations to his mother, Queen Victoria's daughter, over "England" buying the Suez Canal!

Gladstone the author seems to have treated more carefully. He defends him skillfully and logically over the Irish question remarkably sanely over "Chinese" Gordon and his death at Khartoum. In a word, regarding his impartiality, there is no criticism that would not be carping to offer; one cannot even discover what, if any, the political prejudices of the author are, a fact which, one thinks, marks him out clearly as one of the rising British historians.

Unfortunately, very serious criticism can be levelled at the book. It adds positively nothing to our knowledge of the two great statesmen. It does, it is true, provide a comprehensive sketch of them, and as such may be recommended to readers who have no or little knowledge of the two great men. Yet it might have been otherwise. There might have been something even for the most learned historian. It is not that Mr. Somervell does not write well—he does, with a tendency to epigram and a weakness for cricket similes. His plan evidently has been to condense the portions suited to his needs of those gigantic biographies by Monypenny and Buckle and Lord Morley. Neither Disraeli nor Gladstone, even though as Prime Ministers they rank higher than any who served the Queen, deserved such enormous literary epitaphs, and there is, no doubt, room for a biography of reasonable proportions that will do each justice. Raymond's "Disraeli" went some way toward achieving this; but Messrs. Monypenny, Buckle and Lord Morley still hold the standard field.

Vignettes of the African Colony in the Caribbean

Fifteen Travel Essays of the Black Republic of Haiti Under American Occupation

***BLACK HAITI.** By Blair Niles. Illustrated from photographs by Robert Niles Jr. 325 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.*

"IT is only in travel," Blair Niles writes, "that history comes thus sensuously alive, that it appears with the reality of personal memory."

In this collection of fifteen essays, which the author calls a "Biography of Africa's Eldest Daughter," the history of Haiti has "come thus sensuously alive." Equally with the lonely Marine Lieutenant on his inland hill, where with a scattered gendarmerie he keeps order and gives protection over a district infested ten years ago with brigands, lives Toussaint L'Ouverture, who welded slaves into an army that fought on with equal terms with the veterans of Marengo and the Pyramids.

The story of this marine and others is written from recent interviews. The great adventures of Toussaint, Dessalines and King Christophe are set down as if the author had gone through campaigns with one of them, witnessed the assassination of another and accompanied the third through his dramatic rise from slavery to his suicide in the palace of Sans Souci. This "reality of personal memory" is the feature of each essay or picture.

But the book does not confine itself to soldiers, past and present. Leaving the coast town by night we strike into the hills to follow the drums. From the French and American atmosphere of the port we ride through palms up the winding roads away from white uniforms and all visible influences of the occupation into Africa.

In spite of a few hundred years of supervision by Church and army and civil Governments, voodoo customs still persist in Haiti. The negro peasants, plodding sedately along to market in the daylight or under the stars revert to the primitive ritual dances, ancient chants and the worship presided over by their witch doctors, kept alive stealthily and steadfastly through the generations of their servitude.

And so following the distant throbbing of calabash and drum until the voices of men and women sound through the night we come to an assemblage in the hills.

Then * * * it is no longer the year 1925. It is the sixth day of creation; the day when "male and female created He them." And under the high moon we watch the creatures of creation dance. * * * They dance to the long voodoo drum, the voice of which so profoundly stirs them that its use has been made illegal. * * *

This love dance is primarily of the body, although some steps are taken with the feet. It begins with the arms raised in the familiar gesture with which Haitian peasants approach the altar—with which they offer themselves to God. Whoever of the clapping, singing company is moved to dance thus raises the arms, the upper arm at right angle to the body and the lower arm at right angle to the upper, with palms facing outward.

Scene in the Interior of Haiti Showing the Mountainous Character of the Country.

With this gesture of surrender a man approaches a woman or a woman a man. The rhythm of calabash and tambour little by little possesses their bodies, expressing itself in difficult and intricate movements which require infinite muscular flexibility.

To the chorus of alternate male and female voices and to the high sweet treble of the flute, men and women dance under the moon, surrender and recoil, offer and hesitate, until the culmination of a final embrace in which, with figures almost stationary, their bodies still move to the ecstasy of the dance.

The author devotes little space to economic history. The living Haiti, past and present, has been the object of her record and each picture of the fifteen tells more of Haiti than volumes of commerce reports and news dispatches. The story of Toussaint, to which fifty pages are devoted, is a real contribution to the history of this slave conchman who made a nation from slaves. Here the writer demonstrates the art of making the dead past a living present. From a description of a motor ride the story glides easily to the last days of the eighteenth century and with the author the reader "remembers" the carriage rolling along the roads back of the Cape, driven by the little black who was willing to study and wait until he was past fifty before he struck.

Weaving that Haiti of the first great revolt with the Haiti she visited, the writer works into the fabric of a perfect tapestry the story of Toussaint from his boyhood to his death in a French fortress. With equal skill are wrought the pictures of Dessalines, Christophe and his citadel, Oswald Durand, the "Mistral" of the island, and others.

Poems Written for a Very Dark Lady, Indeed

***NOTATIONS FOR A CHIMAERA.** By Herbert S. Gorman. Designs by Mary Small. 36 pp. Edition limited to 100 copies. New York: Milton I. D. Einstein. $5.*

WHEN all the categories of an art have been exhausted it is certain that there will remain a few scattered specimens which have eluded classification because their individuality would have made inclusion in any of the conventional receptacles—Procrustean beds—an act of mutilation. This is criticism against neither the recalcitrant specimens of art nor against the categories. The couch of Procrustes undoubtedly had its uses. The statement is made merely as one of fact; and it is to go as such.

The handful of his poems which Mr. Herbert S. Gorman has grouped under the alluring title, "Notations for a Chimaera," cannot be classified. The author himself calls them poems—but the word is of wide meaning; and Mr. Gorman uses it in the widest sense. A chimaera is a mythological female creature; she has no well-established contacts with workaday life and workaday people. Notations made for her benefit, therefore, would have to be as exotic as herself; and we cannot conceive of any well-mannered chimaera being other than pleased with the lines Mr. Gorman has dedicated to her. And if she is not puffed up with pride at the beautiful and striking artistic portrait as done by Mary Small in the Aubrey Beardsley manner she will be an ungrateful and ungracious creature indeed.

Illustration From "Notations for a Chimaera."

For our own part we like these "notations"—shy and (in an artistic sense) wanton wanderings of a subtle and untrammeled imagination. To be sure, there is something reminiscent of Oscar Wilde and the decadent '90s in "Carthaginian fleeces" and "tufted peacock fans," and "twilight on the grass," and "carved cornelians." But the note of the book has already been struck by the Beardsleylike frontispiece. And, besides, why should one always speak slightingly and sneeringly of the '90s? Mr. Gorman, in the effort to be modern—we see no reason for the effort—has adopted many of the annoying tricks of some of the moderns in dropping capital letters, and in setting his lines. But these sins may be forgiven him.

The poem from which the above-mentioned luxuries of peacock fans and carved cornelians are taken is one of the best in the book, although too long to quote in its entirety. The title is "Hoc Habeo Quodcunque Dedi," which the writer, having forgotten his little Latin, refuses to translate.

This beryl of dark flame in whose outrageous heart
dead seers inscribed my name with cabalistic art,
Austere, intense and cruel, burns with a deeper glow
Than that tormented jewel that Egypt melted so.
* * * * * * *
With fingers cupped and still in undeterred desire
you fling against my will a lance of secret fire,
till, sullen with this fight and grown indifferent,
I let your appetite effect your banishment.
Five plates of massy gold, a bowl of beaten brass,
dark mantles that unfold like twilight on the grass,
a carved cornelian; a Carthaginian fleece,
a tufted peacock fan I gave you for my peace.
* * * * * * *
You hold me with my fears, and all I have you hold,
this dark morass of years intense with hidden gold,
and still you will not turn but beat against me so?
ah, you will never learn, so take the stone and go.

We confess that we do not understand this; but we are willing to assume that it would be perfectly intelligible to any intellecutal chimaera. Nevertheless, from our human and earthy point of view, we acknowledge a sort of perverse wistfulness, not precisely lyric, yet of lyric suggestiveness.

If search were to be made for the one outstanding poem of Mr. Gorman's vase of poems, the selection would undoubtedly be the one called "Postscript." Mr. Gorman in these lines escapes from the chimaera and gets back to life; for which "Postscript" is an elegy in uneven lines of markedly effective rhythm:

They have overturned the monoliths
My field is an Easter Island with broken figures
Thunder has blackened the brow of the basalt god
Lightning has run a blazing finger across the crushed nose
The archaic mouths are bitter with dry salt
Here the stone eyes
Here the stone eyes look out
Here the stone eyes look out over the wrinkled elephant-gray sea

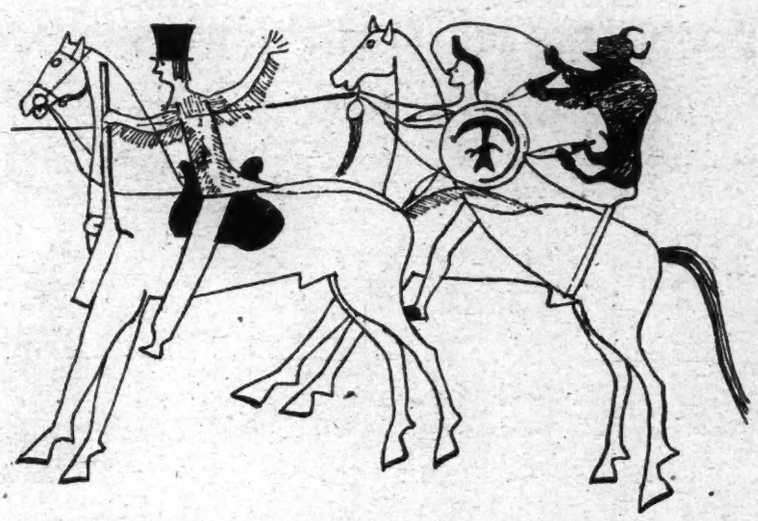
This is the land of my forgiving
Here my pardon is set in smashed rock
The flung stones spell the hieroglyph of my salvation
The hollow voice speaks from jagged teeth
The black tongue quivers
Here my bones answer
Here my bones speak to the stony thunder of wreckage

Elementals face the long sea
The foundations cry out
The backbone of Time buckles and breaks

It may be said that "Notations for a Chimaera" are largely echoes—if not echoes of specific utterances, at least of certain poetic manners. This may be true. Yet Mr. Gorman is not a mere imitator; rather, he has given way to an atavistic impulse, and the surrender is sufficiently complete to lend an air of originality that all but convinces.

"Yellowstone Kelly," A Good Old Scout

His Skill in Prairie Lore Helped Subdue the Last Hostile Plains Indians



Sitting Bull, Whose Sign Is Shown in the Picture, Shoots and Scalps a Frontiersman, Hangs the Scalp on His Bridle, and Captures the Horse.

Pictograph (1868) Copied From an Indian Buffalo Robe. From "Yellowstone Kelly."

YELLOWSTONE KELLY. The Memoirs of Luther S. Kelly, edited by M. M. Quaife. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. 268 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4.

LUTHER S. KELLY was one of the great scouts. He is still alive, on the chipper side of eighty, in his home in California, after serving his country well. He got his name, "Yellowstone Kelly," because of his knowledge of the trails of Wyoming and Montana in the '70s, when the last of the hostile Indian tribes were being brought under subjugation.

Mr. Kelly's memoirs cover a period of less than twenty years—from the day when, as a boy of 16, he enlisted in the Union Army, up to the time, in the early '80s, when the Utes of Colorado decided to behave themselves. What old "Yellowstone" has to say is extremely interesting, and he tells it in simple, straightforward fashion, with a wealth of absorbing detail. Mr. Quaife, who edited the memoirs, says that he condensed them considerably, cutting out unessentials, but that the story remains Kelly's own, even to the manner of telling it. And Kelly's manner is excellent, at times moving and poetic; perhaps his early reading accounts for this, as he says that while on the trail of Indians he used to reread Scott, Poe and Shakespeare.

In a foreword to the volume, written in 1921, the late General Nelson A. Miles gives the following concise introduction to the scout who was so much help to him:

> During that exciting and eventful period there appeared a most interesting character, equally as fearless, intelligent and resourceful as Daniel Boone, David Crockett, Kit Carson or William F. Cody. His name was Luther S. Kelly, but he was better known as "Yellowstone Kelly." He loved the romance of the frontier and seemed to appreciate and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of nature to the highest degree. "Yellowstone Kelly" was of good family, well educated and fond of good books, as quiet and gentle as he was brave, as kind and generous as he was forceful, a great hunter and an expert rifleman; he explored that extensive Northwest country years before serious hostilities occurred, and acquired a knowledge of its topography, climate and resources that was exceedingly valuable. My first acquaintance with "Yellowstone Kelly" was when campaigning against hostile Indians in Montana, North Dakota and Wyoming. He came from the valley of the Yellowstone entirely alone to my camp on the banks of that river, near the mouth of the Tongue River. He had recently killed a large bear and cut off one of its huge paws, and upon this he inscribed his name and sent it to my tent, as he had no cards at the time! In return I sent for him, and found him a most interesting character and engaged his services.
>
> "Yellowstone Kelly" was of great value to General Miles during the series of campaigns against the hostile Indian tribes, the Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, Sans Arcs, Ogalala, Cheyenne, Nez Perces and Bannock, under such warriors as Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Two Moons, Spotted Eagle, White Bull, Lame Deer and Chief Joseph. Kelly was with Miles when the troops surrounded the Nez Perces under Chief Joseph, and after much fighting forced the surrender of the noted chieftain. Without comment Kelly recalls that the captives were sent down to the Indian Territory, where most of them soon died of yellow fever.
>
> "Yellowstone" was born at Geneva, N. Y., in the beautiful Finger Lakes region, which was made famous by Red Jacket and other chiefs of the Iroquois confederacy. He claims descent from Hannah Dustin, "who, having been captured by Indians, rose stealthily in the night when all were asleep and, killing several of her captors, finally reached her home and friends after an exhausting journey through swamps and forests."
>
> Young Kelly enlisted near the end of the Civil War and as a beardless, awkward recruit he was stationed for a time at old Castle William. At the end of his enlistment he pushed westward, a full-grown man in blue coat and red sash—a free lance of the frontier. He traveled alone most of the time, stopping occasionally with trappers, hunters, Indian agents and in the camps of friendly tribes. Unlearned in such matters when he started out, he soon acquired a mastery of woodcraft, cookery, hunting, Indian language and all that vast amount of knowledge required by the perfect scout.
>
> The modesty of the man, particularly since he has been compared with Boone and Crockett, is refreshing. He even admits that he was not a great marksman, although the cold record shows that his bullet usually found the mark; he says he was not a great horseman and yet he volunteered to ride a wild mustang and carry the mail across terrifying stretches of wilderness with bad Indians all around; he never boasts of his fearlessness—which is sufficiently attested by those who knew him—but time and again he tells of how he stood perfectly still while a horde of unfriendly Indians came dashing toward him on horseback. Once, he relates, he took to the trees and fought off a bunch of Indians who were on foot because he "didn't want to be chased like a wolf," although he knew perfectly well that he could outrun them all if he had to.
>
> The man's memory is amazing. He is not always sure of dates, but he remembers incidents with all their juicy details and they are absolutely convincing. He remembers whether he camped under cottonwoods or pine trees; he remembers that one morning after he had put strychnine in a buffalo carcass he found the bodies of twenty-two wolves, which he skinned for their pelts. Even better is his recital of the numerous appetizing meals which he prepared while scouting through the Yellowstone country. His favorite dish seems to have been a sort of super-sausage, prepared by stuffing the intestine of an animal with meat and cooking it over an open fire. He recalls that an Indian chief once fed him a sort of mulligan, which he suspected contained dog meat—"but it was not bad."
>
> There are no villains in "Yellowstone Kelly's" memoirs. Even an Indian peeping from behind a tree and trying to draw a bead on him is merely "an unpleasant-looking fellow." His tale is without rancor and it is free from septuagenarian windjamming and opinions on the sociological significance of the passing of the frontier. His photograph, which adorns the jacket, shows him to have been every bit as handsome, both in features and in gorgeous trappings, as the late Colonel Cody. It may be going a bit far to say that "Yellowstone Kelly" was as great as Crockett and Boone, perhaps it is better to classify him as just a real good scout.

Beethoven's Genius Was an Infinite Capacity for Taking Pains

BEETHOVEN. By Paul Bekker. Translated and adapted from the German by M. M. Bozman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. With Explanatory Notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated with Preface by J. S. Shedlock. Selected and Edited by A. Eaglefield Hull, Mus. Doc. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

By RICHARD ALDRICH

A German Monument of Beethoven Recently Presented to the Mexican Republic.

THIS biography and this collection of letters form valuable complements to each other for gaining knowledge and appreciation of Beethoven's life and works. Paul Bekker's "Life" has had a good reputation in Germany for some fourteen years. The present English translation, excellently made, comes at a time, the editor thinks, "when public appreciation of Beethoven's genius, after a curious partial eclipse, shows unmistakable signs of reviving! The eclipse and the revival are not clearly discernible in this latitude. Perhaps they are more evident in Europe. Mr. Bekker, of course, leans heavily on Thayer for the facts of Beethoven's life and on Nottebohm for those relating to the works. A comparatively small space in the book is devoted to the biographical narrative. More is given to a critical consideration of the works and to the underlying qualities of the composer's genius.

Mr. Bekker believes that Beethoven was more of a "program" musician than is commonly thought. But a few off-hand remarks of the composer about the subjects and methods of his compositions do not suffice to establish this. The theory that, if he had had more time to think over the "Battle of Vittoria" he would have produced "an interesting contrast to the 'Pastoral' symphony" is going far into the realm of conjecture. The few suggestions that are affixed as titles or programs to his works mislead the author into the notion that music without such titles is "abstract," tending to mere formulas; into ignoring the vast tract of essentially musical meaning and expression that needs and suffers no translation into words and is incommensurable with them.

The biographical narrative and the analysis of the works are admirably done. All will not agree with the author's position in various respects; but the book is one that will stimulate thought and will contribute to the understanding and admiration of the man and his works. There are several portraits; at the end there is a convenient and useful summary of the events in Beethoven's life that takes the place of a more detailed treatment in the text; and a tabular summary of the works.

It has become the fashion in these newer days to be critical to the point of fault-finding of Beethoven's character and his music. No doubt there is much to blame, especially in the pecuniary dealings of his later life; thus he sold some of his important compositions several times over to different publishers. This may not be excused, but may be explained by his anxiety over his nephew, upon whom he lavished much more than an uncle's love and whom he desired to provide for. The Viennese aristocracy, the haughtiest and most exclusive in the world in the early years of the nineteenth century, put up with much from him, realizing his greatness. It seems as if the democracy of the twentieth might be a little more tolerant and realize a little more fully the burdens and trials of a great man's lot.

It is also characteristic of certain spirits of the present day to blame Beethoven for his methods of composition; especially his well-known laborious working over of his thematic material revealed so fully to us in the sketch books that have been preserved and studied. These show how he hammered out in the sweat of his face, into noble, plastic and distinguished metal, melodies that often came to him first mixed with much of the dross of commonplace, rude and poor. It has always hitherto been set down to his credit that he could and did do this; it has been held up as admirable that a great spirit could so labor with human weakness and rise out of it to supreme heights. But now, it seems, this is an indication of poverty of resource, a lower order of musical endowment. If this be so, it is perhaps unfortunate that so many of Beethoven's sketch books have been preserved, showing us the infinite pains taken by genius. To many, however, they will remain a precious testimony to the workings of a great mind. Bekker supports the older view of these things.

Beethoven was rather a note writer than a letter writer; but the very brevity of his numerous epistolary scraps, as well as their characteristic tone and expression, tells much of his character. Many of them throw light upon passages of his life and the composition of his music. An enormous collection of them has been made in the ninety-nine years that have elapsed since his death. Apparently most of his correspondents were aware of his greatness and of the significance and value of even his hastiest lines. Two great collections have been published in German. Dr. A. C. Kalischer's numbers 1,220 letters in six volumes. From these the English scholar, J. S. Shedlock, made a selection in 1909, which he published in two volumes, in an English translation. Dr. Eaglefield Hull has now made a further selection from these, including, as he says, more particularly those which bear most on Beethoven's music or his character—457 in number.

Mr. Shedlock's preface, presenting the picture that he found in Beethoven's letters, is retained in the present edition; and fortunately Beethoven was choleric, hasty in his judgments and often repented with frank acknowledgments. His high spirits were often boisterous; and his jocose manner, his mockery, with intimate friends, often suggest the quality of some of his scherzos in his music. Amusing turns of phrase and passages occur in many of these notes; as those to his "faithful music count," Zmeskall von Domanovecz, to address whom he is constantly devising amusing adjectives; and so with several other of his intimates. Numerous letters show the familiar footing he was on with the Viennese artistocracy. He even ventures to jest with his imperial pupil, the Archduke Rudolf.

General von Hoffmann Complains Of Some Lost German Chances

The Commander on the Eastern Front Gives an Interesting Account of Trotsky's Antics at Brest-Litovsk

THE WAR OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES. By General von Hoffmann, Chief of the German General Staff on the Eastern Front. 246 pp. New York: International Publishers. $3.50.

By JOHN CARTER

NAPOLEON is credited with having observed that the best General is he who makes the fewest mistakes. It follows, therefore, that every battle, every campaign, every war, is characterized by lost opportunities. Accordingly, General von Hoffmann has an easy task in demonstrating the failures of the German Higher Command, not only on the Eastern front, but in every theatre of the war. What he has set down does not redound to the credit of either von Moltke, Falkenhayn or Ludendorff. In fact, the Austrian General von Conrad is the only military leader for whose strategic conception von Hoffmman shows unstinted admiration. To the latter the ideal combination was German troops and Austrian brains. Yet this, though invariably successful, was seldom adopted.

Nevertheless, as the only German officer of high rank who fought through the entire war on the Eastern front, his observations on the tremendous military operations involved constitute the first authoritative account of this great campaign. And as the chief author of the only durable settlement which emerged from the war—the treaty of Brest-Litovsk—his observations regarding the other affairs have the value of pragmatic authority.

Von Hoffmann's account of the military operations and of the nature of the opportunities which were lost is a bit too technical to appeal to a general public. In his "Final Remarks" he summarizes them as follows:

> In August, 1914, we ought to have won the war in the West in a canter if Count Schlieffen's original intentions had been carried out, that is to say, if, after breaking through Belgium the right wing had been reinforced and lengthened by all the available forces * * *
> * * * the repulse of the Marne ought not to have taken place. That it occurred * * * is another omission of the Commander-in-Chief, Moltke.
>
> In the late Autumn of 1914 and in the Summer of 1915 two favorable opportunities occurred that might have led to the complete defeat of the Russian Army. Both these opportunities General Falkenhayn let slip. He is also responsible for the offensive against Verdun, the defective leadership of the Serbian campaign, the failure to take Salonica and the refusal to make a united offensive against Italy.
>
> Contrary to all expectations, an event occurred which offered the German Empire once again the chance of coming through victoriously out of the war. This was the Russian Revolution. * * * There were two possibilities of profiting by the new position of affairs. Either we could decide to put Russia in order, to make an alliance with a new Russian government and to hide our time in the West. Or else to employ the superior numbers we possessed in order to make a great decisive attack. General Ludendorff had decided on the latter possibility. He wanted to conquer, but he had not employed the whole of the forces he possessed nor had he been fortunate in the way he brought them into action. He continued the offensive until the last strength of the army was exhausted. In this way Ludendorff found himself obliged to ask for an armistice within twenty-four hours and he left Germany defenseless to the cold hate of England, the fanatical desire for revenge of France and a crack-brained Wilson.

Not content with noting these military errors, von Hoffmann criticises other German policies. He was opposed to all annexation plans regarding Belgium. He was opposed to the first submarine campaign, when Germany did not dispose of enough unterseebooten to carry it to a finish. He persuaded the Kaiser not to annex any considerable part of Poland, fearing a further strengthening of the Polish element in Germany. And he maintained that setting up an independent Poland, while hostilities in Russia were still in progress, not only failed to develop the expected Polish army, but precluded the possibility of a separate peace with the Czar.

In passing, it is impossible not to note that, much as von Hoffmann bewails lost German opportunities, the Russians lost many more. At the outset of hostilities, although the German General Staff had been unable to pay for spies to secure a copy of the Russian plan of campaign, Russian military messages were sent in uncoded wireless. The victory of the Masurian Lakes was possible only because Rennenkampf had a long-standing grudge against Samsonov and refused to march to his aid, which would have brought a Russian army full upon Hindenburg's undefended flank and rear. The outdated "1812 tactics" of the Russians, in driving the population out of Poland as they retired, only simplified the problem of the German authorities, and in 1916, the decision to reinforce the successful troops in Bukovina from the centre of the Russian line enabled the Germans to bring up reinforcements from the same area and stabilize a situation which might have brought Austria-Hungary to terms.

But it is in his conduct of the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk that lies von Hoffmann's claim to fame. Tentative negotiations between Erzberger and Kerensky nearly produced a peace conference in Stockholm. Then the Bolsheviki seized power, and negotiated an armistice. The first conference at Brest-Litovsk was characterized by amusing contrasts of character: the Germans, dogmatic and undecided; the Austrians, nervous and panicky; the Turks, bland and detached; the Bulgarians, insistent on annexations:

> I shall never forget the first dinner we had with the Russians. I sat between Joffe and Sokolnikov, who is now the Commissioner of Finance. Opposite me was the workman, who was evidently caused much trouble by the various implements that he found on the table. He tried to catch the food on his plate first with one thing and then with another; it was only the fork that he used exclusively as a tooth-pick. Almost opposite me sat Frau Byzenko next to Prince Hohenlohe who had on his other side the peasant, a typical Russian figure with long gray curls and an enormous untrimmed beard.

When Trotsky arrived he immediately took the centre of the stage, and used the conference, despite German protests, as a sounding-board for Bolshevist oratory.

Trotsky was certainly the most

Leon Trotsky.

interesting personality in the new Russian Government; clever, versatile, cultured, possessing great energy, power of work, and eloquence, he gave the impression of a man who knew exactly what he wanted and who would not be deterred from using any means for the attainment of his end.

Inexorably von Hoffmann pinned the Russians down, despite byplay with the Ukrainian delegates, recalcitrant Bulgars, and Csernin's threat of a separate peace. "No Annexations!" became qualified by the adjective "forcible"; "self-determination" was invoked to justify the creation of the Baltic States. When Trotsky refused to sign, von Hoffmann interpreted it as a denunciation of the armistice, and ordered a general advance by the German troops. The Bolsheviki then capitulated so abjectly as to justify von Hoffmann's suspicion that their reason was "the intention to prove more completely that they were forced into signing a peace that was dictated to them."

To the Central Powers at any rate the peace was illusory. The Ukraine was overrun, but did not yield the "bread" which had been Austria's chief motive in recognising that republic. Nor did Ludendorff profit by the opportunity to bring about a general peace. But von Hoffman's political work on Germany's Eastern marches still survives in that belt of States, the "cordon sanitaire" against Russia, which has ended the great menace which, more than any one thing, brought Germany to arms in 1914.

Some Sprightly Footnotes to the Revolt of Youth

WHEN WE WERE RATHER OLDER. By Fairfax Downey. Decorations by Jefferson Machamer. 98 pp. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. $2.

THERE doesn't seem to be much of anything that can be done about the younger generation. Preaching does no good. The young scamps won't even pretend to listen to it. Parental scolding is worse than useless; and as for physical chastisement, the youngster of today is rather a husky proposition to handle. Of course, we oldsters might try setting them better examples, but that would take all the joy out of life for us. Ridicule won't do, either. The young folks, can give us cards and spades and beat us at that game. Nothing is left but to reconcile ourselves to the fact that the young are young and the old are old and never the twain shall meet.

Three of Jefferson Machamer's Drawings for "When We Were Rather Older."

At first glance it might seem that Fairfax Downey, who wrote the verses, and Jefferson Machamer, who drew the pictures in "When We Were Rather Older," have set out to ridicule the younger generation, but that is not the case. These merry gentlemen are laughing with the young people, not at them. The book is dedicated to the younger generation, and it is an attempt on the part of two men who, by their own confession, belong among those who are "rather older" to speak for the youngsters and to express for them the joy of life that they themselves are so busy expressing in ways that often shock their elders. Mr. Downey has chosen parody for his vehicle because, as he expresses it, he "despaired of taking any form original enough to grace the younger generation." And what could be a more appropriate subject for parodies dealing with the younger generation than Mr. A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young"?

The poem which, of all those in the book, best expresses the spirit of youth in revolt is the one entitled "Independence," which reads:

> *I never did like "What are young people coming to?"*
> *I never did care for "It's not being done."*
> *This "We never did such things in my day!" is cuckoo.*
> *I like to be "modern." It's fun.*

And the one which best expresses the failure of age to understand youth is the one that begins with these lines:

> *What is the matter with Mary Jane?*
> *She's raising the very devil again.*
> *She says that her parents give her a pain—*
> *What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

Then there is the tragic tale of the chaperon who awoke one morning to find her occupation gone.

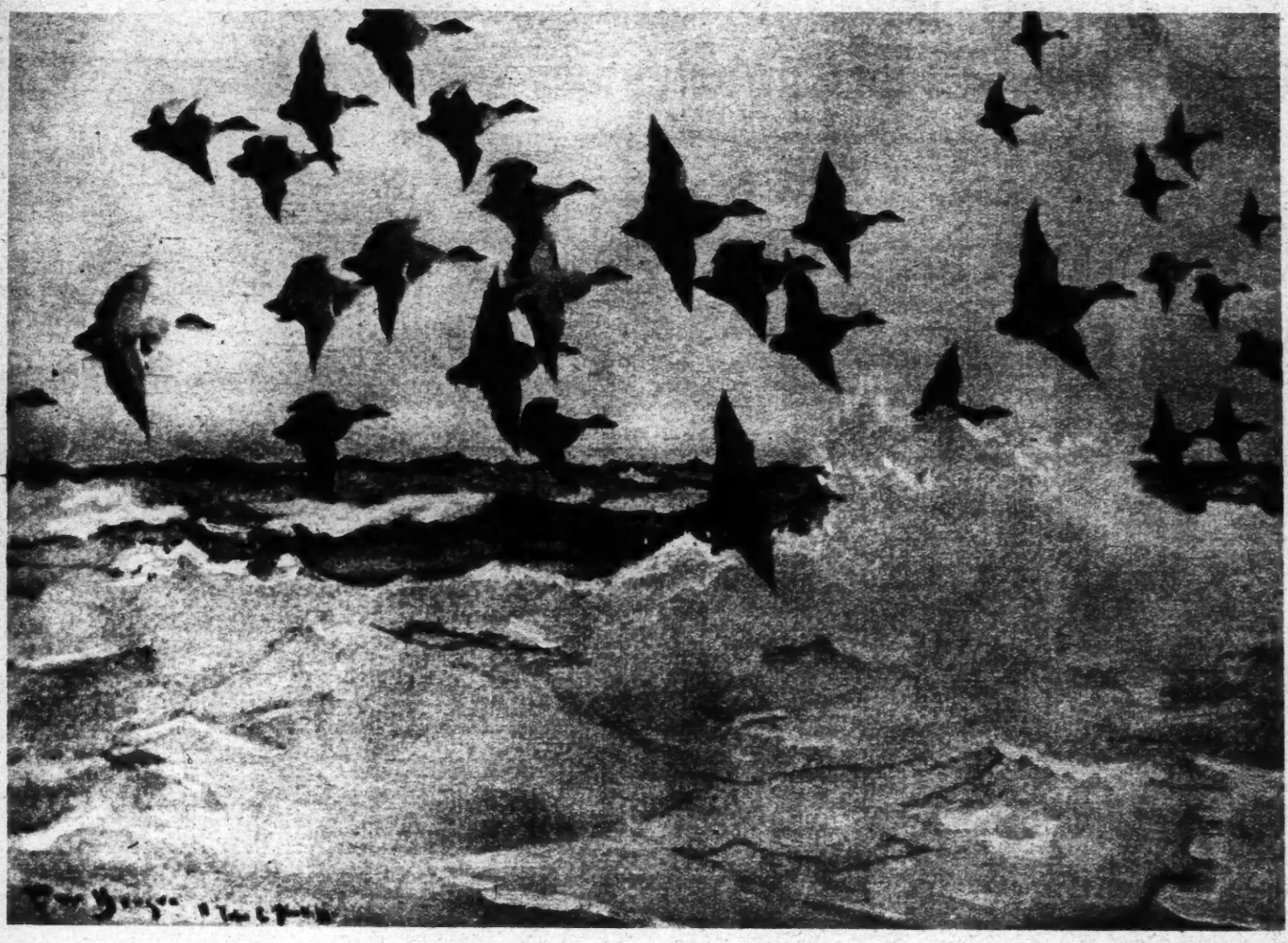
> *The chaperon was fini and they put her in the discard.*
> *They packed her up and shelved her with the book of etiquette.*
> *Now chaperons of high degree, who used to get on parties free.*
> *Are forced to listen sadly while they hear with vain regret:*
> *"You are a chaperon? Some laugh!*
> *You are a chaperon—don't cry;*
> *A chaperon and can't leave us alone?*
> *Chaperons? Groans! Good-bye!"*

But why go on quoting? The little book is full of things as good as these or better. What's that? Oh, yes! This Milne rhythm is catching. You find that after reading it you can't write prose. There it goes again. As we were saying when our steed ran away with us—Whoa, Pegasus! —there's a-plenty more such verses left where these came from.

To mention only a few, there is "The Chameleon and the Doctor," the sad story of a chameleon who tried to live up to a batik sweater; there is "The Presentation at Court," all about the King who wanted "some beauty in his debs"; there is "The Lost Charleston Step" and how it was found again; "Practice" is another one about the Charleston; "Missing" is the lament of a flapper who has lost her beau. "The Toy Soldier," "The Wrong House," "Meeting Halfway" —all these are good, and so, for that matter, are almost all the rest. Mr. Machamer's drawings of flappers and sheiks, with a few oldsters mixed in by way of contrast, are hilariously funny.

The book is not calculated to make youth more sedate; but, then, nothing but age can do that; and age, Heaven knows, comes soon enough, though not, thanks be, as quickly as it did in what we are pleased to call the "good old days." They were good old days—for those who then were young. And if the present younger generation sometimes shocks us, there is nothing that we who are rather older can do about it except to envy it.

"EIDERS," A DRAWING BY FRANK W. BENSON



From "A Natural History of the Ducks." By John C. Phillips. (Houghton, Mifflin Company.)

Voronoff's Dramatic Experiments in Rejuvenation

REJUVENATION BY GRAFTING. By Dr. Serge Voronoff, Director of the Department of Experimental Surgery of the Collège de France, Assistant Director of the Biological Laboratory at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes. 234 pp. New York: The Adelphi Company. $5.

By VAN BUREN THORNE

IN contrast to his earlier book, "Life," dealing with the same subject, the transplantation of male sex glands, Dr. Voronoff finds much to report in this volume of more pertinent interest to the human race. When "Life" was published in 1920 he had only conferred part of the gland of a chimpanzee on one man. This was his only human "case" and time enough had not elapsed to demonstrate what benefits, if any, were to result from the procedure. The surgeon might have found much to report in his first book. For instance, he could have told how the late Dr. G. Frank Lydston of Chicago had transplanted sex glands from man to man, his first patient being himself; how the Chicago surgeon had fully described his procedure and the results obtained in a series of articles in the New York Medical Journal in 1914; how he had supplemented these in a volume published before Dr. Voronoff had begun to experiment on men, and, finally, he might have quoted Lydston, who generously called attention to the fact that in 1912 Hammond and Sutton (Americans) reported a case of sex gland transplantation in man, but that no special scientific observations were made concerning it, and added:

> This was the first reported case of deliberate transplantation of a human gland, for which America should have the credit.

That Dr. Voronoff knew all this seems evident from this excerpt from a letter written by him to Lydston under date of Aug. 11, 1920, and given by Lydston to the present reviewer:

> Never did I, either in my communication to the Congress of Paris in 1919 or in my work, say that I was the first to graft the sexual glands. Your book alone has the evidence that you have performed the operation three years before I ever made my experimental researches. I recognize this voluntarily and congratulate you upon it.

Yet when "Life" appeared it contained no mention of Lydston nor of his work.

In "Rejuvenation by Grafting," which is a translation of Voronoff's book in French, "Quarante-trois Greffes du Singe à l'Homme" ("Forty-three Grafts from Monkey to Man") the name "Lydstone" appears once. This misspelling of Lydston's name might be construed as a deliberate affront to the outstanding pioneer in sex gland grafting (he was alive when this book was written), who was a widely known American surgeon.

In "Life," as has been said, Voronoff did not find much to write about relative to human experiments. He reported some remarkable results, however, in the "rejuvenation" of old rams. A good deal of the volume was devoted to drawing a terrible picture of old age, and how this unhappy state could be modified by the simple expedient of acquiring fresh glandular substance by transplantation. In the volume under review Voronoff has not so much to say about the horrors of old age. He repeats his account and pictures of ancient rams rejuvenated. But what is of more importance, he gives the case histories of forty-three grafts, which were all transferred from the ape to man.

It is evident that the volume, of which that under review is a translation, was completed for publication in 1923, although the date on which it was issued is not given, for Voronoff writes that between June 12, 1920, and Oct. 15, 1923, he performed fifty-two grafting operations, one of which was from man to man. Eight of these operations were of too recent occurrence to comment on the results when this book was published.

The author names the surgeons who, to his knowledge, make use of his method of grafting from ape to man. There are four of them, one of whom is a Chicago surgeon. Elsewhere in his book he remarks: "Certain of my following in America who, going much further than I have done, have transplanted from ram to man." Further along he carefully explains that such grafts will not "take" and, consequently, can confer no benefit.

Dr. Voronoff lists all physicians and surgeons who have been present at his grafting operations. He is equally particular to specify the number of medical men who have been subjects of the operation. There are seven of them, including three Frenchmen, two Englishmen, one Italian and one Spaniard.

Many of the author's case histories are disappointing in results, both to the reader and to Dr. Voronoff. They are faithfully recorded in all their details. Curiously enough, what would appear to be the most satisfactory results, both to patient and surgeon, were obtained in the case of Dr. Voronoff's oldest subject, namely, a 75-year-old man. It is a pity that the physical vigor alleged to have resulted from the operation was not accompanied by a mental equilibration sufficient to restrain the subject from the excesses which resulted in his death from delirium tremens at the age of 77.

The "before" and "after" pictures in this case are most striking. The first picture shows the disappointed and dissolute countenance of a broken old man. The subsequent series of three pictures show a man becoming progressively younger, obviously enjoying a self-satisfied and insolent triumph in the recrudescence of health and vigor. The accompanying text bears out the story told by the pictures.

Since this book was written these procedures for "rejuvenation" have received a black eye in this country. The Journal of the American Medical Association, official organ of more than 90,000 physicians and surgeons editorially condemned them within the year, the writer declaring them to be useless and even harmful.

Dr. Voronoff's new book is a skillful combination of matter for popular reading and scientific dissertation for the physician and surgeon. It is profusely and well illustrated with thirty-eight pictures, including the "befores" and "afters" of both rams and men; drawings showing his operative technique and microscopic enlargements of grafted tissue.

An appendix contains technical biological and other reports made to various societies by French scientists who have been associated with Dr. Voronoff in the endeavor to arrive at a correct appraisal of the value of his work. The English translation was edited by Fred F. Imianitoff.

How to Make Your Business Pay

ASSURING BUSINESS PROFITS. By James H. Rand Jr. 245 pp. New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Company. $2.

THE subtitle of Mr. Rand's practical guide to success, "How to Run Any Business on a Business Basis," explains the purpose of his mission. All a man, no matter to what purpose he has devoted his energies, has to do in order to rise to the top of the ladder is to follow the plans laid out for him by Mr. Rand. His fortune is then pretty well assured. At least that is what we understand, not only from "Assuring Business Profits" but from the highly successful issues of Mr. Rand's own processes for his own advantage. B. C. Forbes informs us in an introduction that Mr. Rand's personal enterprise is the "greatest of its kind in the country," and it has been built up on the principles which the author now sets forth for the benefit of struggling humanity. Not "airy theories" but methods clear and specific and which "can be applied to control and develop almost any kind of business." We should be grateful for a list of the exceptions.

Mr. Rand writes in a commonsense way and predicates much valuable advice which, if not quite altogether unprecedented in presentation, possesses the merit of perspicacity. He outlines in good honest English the rules by which men achieve success and tells how and why men fail. He points out the necessity for a definite goal, how to avoid financial pinches, how to remedy mistakes promptly, how insure business profits, to develop human efforts, to plan purchases and to reduce costs, to arrange distribution, to get new customers, to put your dollars to work and how to judge business currents. A highly important chapter is devoted to the creation of a man's estate by incorporating the individual earner and by life insurance, entering into a very sensible disquisition on protection for partnerships, provision for post-mortem management of one's property and the safeguarding of bequests against excessive inheritance taxes. It is a book well worth the attention of young men starting in business careers.

Rose Macaulay Comments on Nearly Everything

Her Collected Essays Betray Hyperacidity Toward the Medical Profession

A CASUAL COMMENTARY. By Rose Macaulay. 238 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE many who learned through "Told by an Idiot" to like the quiet prose style of Rose Macaulay may look forward with anticipations of pleasure to reading the latest book from her pen. The title, "A Casual Commentary," is self-explanatory. The book is a volume of essays, but not of essays executed in the formal manner. Nor are the subjects attempted profound. Those desiring profundity of matter formally treated should find the title a signboard warning them not to trespass. But although it is true that human beings enter the world with a cry, and exeunt therefrom not always silently, and make a deal of noise, first and last, between their coming and their going, their experience is for the most part of a generally quiet nature. Nor is it illuminated often with calcium lights. Soft tones, gentle glows, the homely and the unobtrusive—these make up the bulk of existence. And Rose Macaulay, ever watchful of shades of value, writes of these in subdued mirthfulness, and with an irony that differentiates but does not wound.

On what subjects does Miss Macaulay casually comment? The answer is—on all subjects, public and private. She is a lady of catholic observation. Turning the pages one finds her, for example, writing on cranks, on Platonic affection, on how to choose a religion, on the press and the public, on beds and 'omes, on romance and on Christmas presents, on the sanctity of the home, evening parties, and the right time for making good resolutions, on the problems of married life. The total number of papers runs nearly to twoscore, and the topics enumerated have been taken entirely at random.

Miss Macaulay's manner of writing, rather her manner of thinking, is highly engaging. She examines a theorem, and, having exhausted its possibilities, examines its opposite. By this time she is herself exhausted, so she flits, not unlike a butterfly, to something else. Indeed, we see no reason why she should not be regarded as the founder of what is hereby named the butterfly school of writing, with courses therein to be given in colleges, and "A Casual Commentary" adopted as the textbook.

Indeed, Miss Macaulay is much interested in writing as a profession, and under the title of "Problems of a Journalist's Life" she throws out a good many valuable suggestions. In respect to reviewing her own book, the present writer came upon the advice too late (unfortunately) to follow it in the first particular, which is that the book to be reviewed should never be read by the reviewer. But if the reader will pardon the lapse this time, he promises to heed the admonition in the future. But he will do his best throughout what follows to put into practice her second requirement. "In reviewing," writes Miss Macaulay, "you should try to sound more intelligent than you are." Proper reviewers, she adds, should never fall back on saying that a book is interesting. We shall not say, then, that "A Casual Commentary" is interesting (although it is); and (although scarcely hoping to succeed) we shall try our best to sound more intelligent than we are. But enough of critics and criticism! Our vanity is wounded! Miss Macaulay concludes by saying it makes no difference what the reviewers write, since nobody will read them. The essay on Christmas presents is much more to our liking, since it embodies a view we have ourselves long harbored, and (when we could get away with it) put into practice; the view, namely, that one should keep one's self principally in mind in purchasing Christmas gifts.

There are [she writes] those who say that all our presents should be bestowed on those who cannot afford to purchase what they require for themselves. There is much to be said for this view. So much, indeed, is there to be said for and against any view about giving presents that it is safer not to think about it, but to buy your presents first and consider what, if anything, you will do with them. After all, if you decide in the end not to give them to any one, you can always keep them. It is well, then, in buying presents to keep this contingency in mind. In fact, perhaps the best question to ask yourself, as you stroll through those glittering Babylons where objects intended for Christmas gifts are stored, is not, What shall I give? but, What should I like to have?

Have you, reader, a high opinion of doctors? Or are you, by chance, a doctor by profession? Rose Macaulay (who is a person devoid of all respect) makes the followers of Aesculapius the especial target of her darts. Indeed, there is such evident pleasure on her part in sharpening and winging her arrows, one wonders if perhaps she once had an operation for appendicitis and the surgeon in sewing her up left a sponge, or the hospital telephone book inside. Those who have visited friends in hospitals and sought to telephone know how seldom one can come on a copy of the directory.

Yet, artful creature that Rose Macaulay is ("Most women have no characters at all"—Pope), she starts with a sop to Cerberus: "The profession of healing is a very noble one, and you should be a doctor if you can." And she adds for the benefit of lady readers that they should not, on any account be nurses.

Nurses [she writes] get very little pay and a great deal of work. Doctors get more money (when they get any) than nurses, and do less work. If you should succeed in obtaining access to the house of any sick person (a doubtful hypothesis) you can pay as many visits as you like, and charge seven and sixpence, or even half a guinea, for each.

We have already proposed Miss Macaulay for a chair in some school of journalism, but that was before we discovered her inclination lay just as strongly toward a chair in medicine.

You should have a stethoscope [this to her pupils] and apply one end to the patient and the other to your ear with some appearance of habit; it does not matter which end you apply to each, as neither you nor the patient will probably be the wiser. While listening, it is well to shake your head once or twice, with an appearance of comprehension or disapproval, or both.

Of course, before electing to take Miss Macaulay's course in medicine, the prospective student may be inclined to ask to which school she belongs. But a minor matter like this need not trouble his mind; she is as catholic in the matter of medicine as in all other matters. If one desires to take up osteopathy she can accommodate. "If you are an osteopathist," she writes, "you tell your patient, whatever his disease, that what he needs is to have all his bones restrung." And if he consents you must do this. "But the important thing is to remember how the bones went before you unstrung them, and to put them together in a new way." But she admonishes that no attempt must be made to take the brain to pieces, as it needs much more skill to put it together than the bones require, "nearly as much as a watch." And she adds, by way of conclusion, "It is simpler to pronounce the patient mad and order him to an asylum," because, as most people are rather mad anyway, she opines, the doctor need have no scruple about disposing of a patient in this manner.

Since Miss Macaulay has laid it down as fundamental that a critic should try to sound more intelligent than he is, the reviewer will digress at this point into a learned discussion of humor in general, with special reference to the humor of Miss Macaulay in particular. Miss Macaulay's humor is not that of Aristophanes, nor is it the humor of Shakespeare or of Cervantes. In some respects it is not dissimilar to the humorous method of Finley Peter Dunne. Those who recall Mr. Dooley's discourse on the subject of doctors will see a certain resemblance between it and Miss Macaulay's discourse on the problems of the doctor's life. There is the same method in each of ridiculing the whole by casting ridicule on the various parts. Nor does either author resort to acerbity. But there is one striking difference. Miss Macaulay does not wound because her thrusts are too gentle to hurt; were they less gentle, however, they would leave a sting, for there is no poultice applied at the last. Mr. Dunne cuts deeper; but he applies the saving balsam before he goes. "If the doctors would opin fewer patients an' more windows—" The heartiness of the laugh clears the atmosphere, and Mr. Dooley is forgiven for anything that thrusts home. Dunne's is a more masculine type of humor, because more effective; and he comes nearer than Miss Macaulay to the higher function of humor. Comedy, no less than tragedy, should purge and renew; not merely entertain. On the whole, Miss Macaulay merely entertains.

When Miss Macaulay essays a more pedagogic rôle, as she does in her little paper bearing the title "Problems of Married Life," she is not entirely successful. She is less conversational and more affected. The complete absence of affectation throughout most of her book is a large part of the charm. But in this essay her thinking seems a trifle bound and her sentences somewhat under compulsion. Dealing with what many might deem an equally serious subject, "How to Choose a Religion," she is much more nearly her gay self. She treads upon eggs with a feline softness of step.

Everywhere one goes, she finds, one will meet with advice on how to choose a hat, a dinner, a style in hairdressing or a brand of toothpaste; but on the important matter of choosing a religion there is no advice to be had. She makes a hasty survey of the leading religions and sects. "Many Jews by race are freethinkers, but when a Jew is religious he does it thoroughly." "On the whole, it is a pity to be a Presbyterian unless you are born so." "If you are unlucky enough to be a Calvinist you should try hard to believe that you are one of the few exceptions and are destined for salvation. Many Calvinists succeed in believing this." Thus she runs the gamut, with a sly dig here and a thrust not so sly there; but she should offend none but the supersensitive and the humorless. "The only dull thing," she concludes, "is to have no religion at all. If you cannot manage any, you had better instead keep pet dogs, children or a motor car. It is better to have a religion."

And so, "A Casual Commentary" makes very good reading; a cup that cheers but does not inebriate, hence guaranteed against all constitutional amendments. We might write more. But as Miss Macaulay states that a critic is never read anyway we have decided to stop and dash off a book or two of our own, it having been fear of the critics that has held us back hitherto.

The Manager's Last Kick, or a New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Some Harlequinade Fashions of 1811. From "Clowns and Pantomimes" by Willson Disler. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Reforming the Practice of Law

LAW REFORM: Papers and addresses by a practicing lawyer. By Henry W. Taft. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.

PROFESSIONAL groups have for many years been discussing the anomalies and defects of our legal system and have from time to time suggested reforms. But for the most part little has come of their many proposals. Their stumbling block was most often not opposition but popular inertia. It is only now that the question of law reform is beginning to receive public attention at all commensurate with its importance. It may be that the present-day interest is largely the result of a well-advertised "crime wave," and if it is to continue on a more permanent basis, such books as Mr. Taft's are needed for the purpose of making clear to laymen the best professional thought on the subject.

With the exception of the title essay, "Law Reform" is a collection of unrelated papers and addresses written during the years 1920 to 1925. The majority of the addresses were delivered before groups of lawyers and deal with such a diversified list of topics as, "Will Contests," "Justice and the Poor," "The Press and the Courts," "Freedom of Speech and the Espionage Act" and "The World Court." A eulogy on ex-President Harding concludes the volume.

The one essay written especially for the book is a scholarly and interesting résumé of past law-reform movements and of the present situation. It directs particular attention to the more frequently noted defects and deficiencies in our law and its administration, such as archaic rules of evidence and other practices that tend to make a trial a contest of skill between opposing counsel rather than an investigation seeking the truth; the verbosity of judicial opinions; "trial by newspapers"; the "injustice of an immunity based upon what may be the slightest negligence of the injured person when the fault of the defendant is of the gravest character," and "the national tendency to legislate."

The most important single factor in any movement dependent upon "agitation" is the press, but unfortunately the press itself is, from the standpoint of the lawyer, badly in need of reformation. Every lawyer has had occasion to find fault with newspaper reports of trials for the manner in which vital bits of evidence are overlooked and unessentials emphasized. The appellate courts fare no better at the hands of reporters, and their decisions are generally erroneously reported or at least published under misleading headlines. The remedy suggested by Mr. Taft is the employment of men trained in the law to report judicial proceedings. At this point Mr. Taft digresses to remark, "We do have in the profession men who have a keen sense for 'news value' and publicity. Unfortunately they are sometimes accepted by the press and the laity as leaders of the bar."

Mr. Taft gives the impression of having labored under conflicting emotions when preparing his address on "Freedom of Speech and the Espionage Act." A firm believer in all the individual liberties attempted to be safeguarded by the Constitution, he said, "The safety of such a State as ours rests in unrestrained discussion of any subject affecting it." But Mr. Taft was seemingly fearful of saying anything that might be "potential in producing discontent," and so essayed to justify the Espionage Act. His plea was overwhelming necessity. "We had to fight, not discuss." Even overlooking the fact that the "necessity knows no law" argument was considered during the war an exclusively German Junker conception, Mr. Taft's attempted justification is not convincing. It can hardly be persuasive in view of his own recital.

Since 1798 and until the passage of the Espionage act of 1917 there has been no Federal statute dealing anew with the general subject of seditious utterances. * * * And yet we have passed through the great crises caused by the War of 1812, the Mexican War, which evoked much just criticism of the Government; the Civil War, in which it finally became necessary to resort to the draft—and there was much vocal "copperhead" sentiment—and the Spanish War.

Mr. Taft's keenly critical and logical mind manifested in other portions of the book makes one doubt whether he really believes that the "necessity for the Espionage act was soon shown by the number of cases that it became necessary to prosecute."

"Law Reform" is well worth reading. Both lawyers and laymen will find it interesting, enlightening and stimulating of thought. Even in so technical a paper as the one on "Will Contests in New York" the layman will find sound advice and entertaining anecdote.

Every contribution by leading lawyers on subjects of general interest whereby the legal mind is laid bare has an importance beyond itself, for as President Wilson said:

> We can only go as fast as the legal habit of mind of our lawyers will permit. * * * Ours is so intensely and characteristically a legal polity that our politics depend upon our lawyers. They are the ultimate instruments of our life.

CHESTER ROHLFICH.

A Tauromachic Novel In Paris

PARIS.

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT seems to be one of the most gifted of our younger writers. He has already published "The Rise of the Morning," "The Dream," "The Eleven Before the Golden Gate." He is about 30 years old, has gone through the war and belongs to an old legitimist family. A novelist fond of war and sport, anti-democratic and lyrical, he recalls Joseph de Maistre and Barbey d'Aurevilley and to some extent Gabriele d'Annunzio also. His brilliant originality cannot be gainsaid.

The title of his new novel is "Les Bestiaires" (The Bestiarii). This was the ancient Romans' name for the gladiators who fought wild beasts in the amphitheatre. M. Henry de Montherlant's "Bestiarii," however, do not slay lions, as in the days of Androcles; they are simply Spanish toreros. Thus we have here another tauromachic novel, comparable to M. Blasco Ibañez' "Blood and Sand" (Sangre y Arena).

The main difference lies in two points. M. Blasco Ibañez avoided taking sides either for or against bull-fighting. Just now public opinion in Spain is divided in this matter, the more advanced political parties condemning the corridas as opposed to modern civilization. M. Henry de Montherlant defends them with all his might. Again, M. Blasco Ibañez' novel, realistic in the manner of Alphonse Daudet and Zola, presented an objective view and a study of professional toreadors. One necessarily comes across some in M. Henry de Montherlant's book also, but primarily it is a personal and subjective novel, giving the impressions of a young French gentleman, passionately fond of bull-fighting, who goes to Spain for the express purpose of devoting himself to his favorite sport and of killing bulls with his own hands and in accordance with the rules and regulations of the art—as another man might go to India or to the North Pole to hunt the tiger or the polar bear.

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ALBAN DE BRICOULE is just 17 and still a college student when he goes on this vacation trip. And the hero of the novel might be a brother of the author. M. Henry de Montherlant has amused himself in the past and sometimes still does by taking the part of the matador or the prima spada. He has even been injured at least once. For it is a dangerous sport—the danger ennobles it. Even the most skillful professionals do not always escape the horns. I was in Madrid shortly before the war, about fifteen years ago, when the famous Bombita (whom I had seen in action some days before at Saint Sebastian before the King and Queen—los reyes), was badly, almost mortally hurt. He recovered, but during that week of anguish and consternation the Spanish papers contained nothing but numberless details of this tragedy and of the glory of Bombita and the state of his health. Almost no space was left for news of Europe and America; at that time a World War would have received only brief items on the last page.

I have not been back in Spain in the last few years; but I have been told that this fervor has decreased and that the sports of northern climes, particularly football, are formidable rivals of the corrida. But M. Henry de Montherlant has kept all his old enthusiasm. I even believe that it has increased, and that even old Spain hardly had a more ardent aficionado. Yet he is not the first amateur to have descended into the arena with the sword and the muleta, for it is known that Charles the Fifth himself did not believe his imperial and royal dignity to be compromised by bull-baiting. But M. Henry de Montherlant does not limit himself to the practice. He theorizes with references to history and even to legend.

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AFIRM traditionalist, he takes pleasure in revealing the immemorial origins of the bull-fighting tradition, which, according to him, goes back to the Spain of the days before the Roman invasion and even to the mythical Atlantis. He discovers traces of tauromachy in Plato's "Critias," where this same Atlantis is mentioned. I have verified the passage. Plato speaks there primarily of purification by bull's blood, which rather indicates the Mithraist bull worship that was very widespread during the first centuries of the Christian era. Christianity had to fight the Mithraist cult, and for some time the result of the battle was in doubt. M. Henry de Montherlant flatters himself that he is a Roman Catholic. But he makes a poetic synthesis of the two religions—that of Mithra and that of Christ—which are equally dear to him. He is more Roman than Catholic. He exults that Julius Caesar introduced bull fighting in Rome and that, after some hesitation, the Popes decided to give it their approval. A fight was staged on St. Peter's Place for the jubilee of the year 1500. Spain has always had them, to celebrate all her great religious festivals, and the canonization of St. Theresa of Avila cost 200 bulls their lives. (I believe that in Normandy there was not even an extra day of horse racing to celebrate that of St. Theresa of Lisieux, who therefore must be only a second-class saint in the eyes of M. de Montherlant.)

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WE must grant the young novelist that the corridas, with the bright sun, brilliant costumes and the gayety of the people, are a beautiful sight, whose picturesqueness Bizet expressed most marvelously in the overture and first act of "Carmen." It is a bit savage, I must admit, but no more so than hunting on horseback or on foot, or even than fishing. Moreover, M. de Montherlant has no objection to a little ferocity and considers killing fruitful and beneficent. He pushes the paradox rather far. But his novel contains so much youth, ardor and glowing poetry that we must wink at everything else. What can be more delightfully simple than his pages on the raising of young bulls on the vast prairies of Guadalquivir? The proprietor and raiser is the Duke de la Cuesta, grandee of Spain; he has an enchanting daughter, the Señorita Soledad, with whom Alban de Bricoule carries on an animated flirtation. And how delightful it is to live again for a few hours, in imagination, under the beautiful Andalusian sky! The novel is charming.

PAUL SOUDAY.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

From "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh. 1879-1922." (The Macmillan Co.)

Some Oxford Dons in New Biographies

LONDON.

FOR any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the distinctive features of the English universities, there is no such useful material as the best academic biographies. In this matter we have been well served lately. The most widely read book of the kind will doubtless be Sir Walter Raleigh's "Letters," but this must be accepted with caution, as a representation of either the Oxford or the Cambridge type. Raleigh's "superior person" air was by no means characteristic of the tone of either university, but was an expression of his own individuality. Much more can be learned about the true spirit of Oxford from such a volume as J. W. Mackail's "James Leigh Strachan-Davidson, Master of Balliol." Strachan-Davidson was one of those men who exert a profound influence on generation after generation of students, but are themselves little known to the outside world. He lived to see many of his pupils, like Asquith and Curzon, become prominent in the public eye, but was content for himself with the comparative obscurity of the career of a college don. For fifty years he spent himself in the service of Balliol and not even the disappointment of being passed over for the headship on Jowett's death slackened his devotion to its interests. His graceful acceptance of the situation contrasts strongly with the resentment shown by Mark Pattison on a similar provocation at Lincoln. In his loyalty to his college, "no single word or gesture of his," says his biographer, "allowed his disappointment to appear." Happily, as in Pattison's case, the headship came to Strachan-Davidson at a later vacancy, so that he did not finally miss the honor he had so thoroughly deserved. Among specialists on Roman law his reputation for scholarship stood high, but he devoted so large a proportion of his energies to the work of teaching that he published little. Mr. Mackail's biography is a successful effort at the portraiture of a noble, gracious and beloved personality.

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THE memoir prefixed by A. S. L. Farquharson to "Statement and Inference," a posthumous collection of papers by Professor J. Cook Wilson, introduces the reader to another Oxford don, who bore a weight of learning with equal unpretentiousness and unobtrusiveness. Cook Wilson was the strongest and most persistent influence on the philosophical thought of the university during the thirty years after the death of T. H. Green, but in his lifetime he published nothing of importance, and what he did publish concerned the less popular aspects of Greek philosophy. Incidentally, the memoir gives a diverting account of his mannerisms as a lecturer. While he was expounding a subject he would wind up one hair of his beard and break it with a vicious snap. Some of his friends once criticized the shortness of his beard in a portrait that had been painted of him. "They don't understand," commented Cook Wilson, "that my beard varies. When I am working at a problem, something has to come out. If the problem doesn't, the beard must."

Passing to Cambridge, we get in R. St. John Parry's "Henry Jackson, O. M.," the life-story of the leading Platonist among recent English scholars. He, too, wrote little, and his permanent memorial is to be looked for in the work of his pupils rather than in the few books that bear his name. He used to account for his small literary output by explaining that "making out things is always interesting, but writing down in book form what one has discovered is hateful." Strachan-Davidson's self-dedication to Balliol was matched by Jackson's to Trinity. He entered as a youth of 18, and thereafter he lived in college for sixty-three years, for nearly sixty of which he taught Greek philosophy. His interests, however, were by no means narrowly limited. At the age of 72, for instance, he attempted to solve the mystery of "Edwin Drood." He was an active pioneer in university reform. The removal of religious tests, the substitution of regular instruction by college lecturers for the old practice of intensive private coaching, the admission of women and the abolition of compulsory Greek were all largely due to his efforts.

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H. F. STEWART'S "Francis Jenkinson" is the memoir of another Trinity man who, though far from being Jackson's peer in scholarship, well deserved such commemoration. His interests were so varied—he was a classical teacher who made himself also an authority on music and an expert naturalist—that it was almost an accident that decided what the main work of his life should be. Henry Bradshaw tore him from his piano and his insects and infected him with an interest in old books, with the result that on Bradshaw's death Jenkinson became university librarian, and during the next thirty years made an ever-increasing reputation as a bibliographer. Conspicuous in these lives of both Jackson and Jenkinson is the evidence of a character of singular beauty and charm, always unselfishly ready to share with others whatever store of learning might have been accumulated.

We must not overlook the brief biographies of its deceased members, published from time to time by the British Academy. Among recent issues are sketches of Francis Herbert Bradley, Frederick Cornwallis, Conybeare, Alfred Marshall and Sir Adolphus William Ward. Of these, the memoir of Ward is likely to prove of most general interest.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Austrian Literature Since the Armistice

DER NARRENBANDBECKER. By Arthur Holitscher. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

STANDTE, RASSEN AND PHYSIOGNOMIEN. By Robert Mueller. Berlin: Verlag von Erich Reiss.

PYTHAGORAS. By Edmond Colorus. Vienna.

DER SELTSAME SOLDAT. By Franz Karl Ginskey. Leipsic: L. Staackmann.

DAS DORF AM ACKER. By J. F. Perkonig. Munich: Verlag Bock.

EIN VOLK. By von Reden. Staackmann.

By EMIL LENGYEL

VIENNA.

IN the domain of belles-lettres Austrian literature is a neglected field. On the other hand, Austria's union with Germany, the "Anschluss," is an accomplished fact, if we believe the literary ethnologists in whose textbooks the Republic of Austria has no chapter of its own. Many of the Austrian writers, conscious of the advantage of having the German Reich as their market instead of the cramped quarters of their own mountainous regions, have raised no word of protest against their being classified as "German" authors.

And yet there is a distinctly Austrian literature which, except its medium of expression, has little in common with the literature of Germany. Historic and climatic causes, the former of which have their roots in traditional and environmental antecedents, have determined the creation of an autochthonous Austrian literature which, so far as its self-sufficiency and independence from German letters is concerned, can be brought into analogy—the scales duly reduced—with the relation of the American and British literatures.

In Austria there is a Viennese and a provincial literature; they express the same antithesis which characterizes the political and social relations of Austria's capital with its hinterland. The antagonism of the city and the countryside is perhaps nowhere so pronounced on the European Continent as it is in Austria. Politically, the city is radical and the province is conservative, often coquetting with reaction. Vienna is feminine—she charms the visitor and has an atmosphere of sweet perfume. The province is masculine, big-boned and aggressive. Domestic quarrels between Vienna and the province are numerous, and yet the capital holds the village in its ban. The Austrian peasant complains that he cannot get along with the city dweller, and yet it is a holiday in his life when he makes a trip to the Hapsburgs' old residence on the Danube.

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VIENNA is today what several cities on the American Eastern coast will be a few decades hence, when they will have absorbed and transformed into a homogeneous citizenry all the foreign elements of which their population is composed. Vienna is the capital of a German country; its population—apart from a fluctuating mass of transient aliens—speaks the German language, and yet it is not German. Like the old monarchy, Vienna is composed of many nationalities, whose peculiar traits it reflects. "Others may carry on wars, thou, happy Austria, marry," says an old adage which refers to the prolific territorial acquisitions of the Hapsburgs, owing to their intermarriage with other ruling families. Vienna's inhabitants, too, before the war, accumulated their wealth without having to take recourse to devastating economic warfare. Neither was the city's great pre-war prosperity due so much to the surplus work of its inhabitants as to the benefits showered upon it by the ruling dynasty. The Hapsburgs were tyrants, but they were benevolent tyrants when Vienna's weal was in question. They had looted the four corners of Continental Europe whenever they could do so without danger; but they gave Vienna a generous portion of the loot. The proverbial "joviality" of the Viennese, his charming manners—easy-going and tolerant—are qualities which were developed under Hapsburgs' protective wings. The "k. u. k. Residenzstadt" was a safe harbor before the war, whither many ships, their sails torn, had repaired. It is no mere coincidence that Vienna is and for several centuries has been the leader in the world of music. The serenity of spirit of its population, the presence of a large number of Maecenases in the person of the members of the court and high aristocracy, the interbreeding of many races, Slavs, Hungarians and Italians, known for their receptivity of music, were contributing causes in elevating Vienna to her position as the abode of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Johann Strauss.

Music is the keynote of Viennese literature. It is languid and effeminate—in the better sense of the word—saturated with a spirit of compromise and characterized by that absence of pitched emotions and extreme outbursts of passions which are so incompatible with the temperament of the Viennese.

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IF called upon to write about Romain Rolland, a typical German would plunge into a profound dissertation on the predetermining causes of the great Frenchman's art, would dwell at length on its textual and stylistic peculiarities and would dissect its inner meaning in a solid, schoolmasterly manner. Stephan Zweig, a typical Viennese, although he lives at present in Salzburg, has made a symphony out of Rolland's life, and, elevating his "personality sketch" into the sphere of tones, has made us sense the real value of France's peace apostle with greater vividity than the erudite German would have been able to do.

Arthur Schnitzler, who is considered in America as the "representative man" among the Austrian writers, has, in his native country, no title to such distinction. Even among the Viennese writers his position as a "star" is not quite secure. His chief merit lies, according to prevalent opinion in Austria, in the anticipation of man and woman's relationship as contemporary literature's main topic. He was an apostle of the utmost freedom in the discussion of this problem before Freud had made "sex complex" a fad of the psychologizing charlatans of all countries. In fact, it was notoriety, perhaps, rather than fame which had originally made Schnitzler's name a household word in every part of the earth. Eccentricity seekers pricked their ears when they heard of the scandals connected with the name of this author. Others immediately went in search of his high literary qualities and, as it has often been the case in similar instances, they found them. In the meantime, Schnitzler had been developing and, urged by the controversial publicity, produced a great many chapters possessing extraordinary literary value.

Unfortunately for him, however, his growth was arrested with the sudden decline of the Hapsburg empire. Schnitzler is not a poet of present-day Austria. In 1914 the world ends for him, and the Vienna of the Hofraete, the Burgkapelle and Emperor Franz Joseph makes him

(Continued on Page 21)

Current Magazines

CHESTER T. CROWELL writes in the June issue of The Century on "Democracy's Flat Tire." What he conceives that flat tire to be is indicated in the following:

Upon a foundation of democracy we have superimposed an economic structure in which the principal factor is science. Now science is not democratic, for numbers have very little to do with its achievements. One man in a laboratory becomes demonstrably worth one hundred thousand men who are not skilled in the work in hand. He may, and frequently does, produce unimaginable wealth. By the exchange of ideas between scientists their work is constantly speeded up, discovery in one field affecting the others very quickly. The rest of us look on with amazement as the products of scientific achievement pour upon the market. We scarcely have time to find out how these things are made before they have become part of the national life. Nor can any one guess how important they will become as the years pass. Presently some question involving their rights arises and they must appeal to democracy for a decision.

Aviation is doing that now. Many of its champions believe that the national defense depends almost entirely upon mastery of the air and that battleships are obsolete. This question is pending before me as an American citizen. And, God help me, I have scarcely any qualifications at all for passing upon it. But I can't dodge it. If I do nothing at all my inaction still becomes a decision. Sometimes these decisions are a matter of life and death to the industry at bar.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Crowell is that we delegate the authority to solve such questions to men who are competent to do so. It is, he thinks, expecting too much of the ordinary voter to ask him to pass on questions which demand for their solution not only intelligence of a high order but technical knowledge in many different fields as well.

This issue of the Century contains also "A Woman for the Senate," by Ida Clyde Clarke; "A Night on the Trans-Siberian," a story, by Anna Louise Strong; "Armenian Song," verse, by Anne Steddard. "Literary Isolation," by Francis Hackett; "If Lincoln Had Yielded," a fanciful sketch of what might have occurred had the South been permitted to secede, by Webb Waldron; "What Are the Captains Doing?" a story, by Richard Le Gallienne; "Myself," verse, by Harry Harvey; "Take Them or Leave Them," a discussion of standardization, by Charles Edward Russell; "A Fragile Thing Is Beauty," verse, by Arthur Stringer; "Bureaucracy Triumphant," by Silas Bent; "The Americanization of Canada," by Douglas Mackay; "Elisabeth," a story, by Warwick Deeping; "The Other Side of the Baby Budget," by Louise Haskew Turner; "The Secret," verse, by Catherine Parmenter; "A Passionate Walker's Pilgrimage," by Hildegarde Hawthorne; "The Land of Israel," by Meyer W. Weisgal; "Idle Hands," a story, by Janet Fairbank; "The Centurion," by John Erskine, and "The Raving Critic," by Carl Van Doren.

"The Case Against Capital Punishment" is stated by Professor Harry Elmer Barnes in the June Current History. Sentiment plays no part in the argument of Professor Barnes. He takes the coldly scientific view that the crime problem should be attacked in the same way as the problem of physical disease. Indeed, he goes even further, for while he advocates reformative and corrective treatment for the majority of persons convicted of crime, he suggests that it might be desirable to "exterminate" the non-reformable types, not as punishment for their crimes, but because they are a menace to society. Taking as an illustration the case of Leopold and Loeb, the young Chicago murderers, he says:

> Both of these men were accomplices in the same crime, and it has been assumed that they were equally dangerous to society and should be treated alike. The psychological examination of these two individuals quickly demonstrated the absurdity of such an assumption. Lepold was shown to be a person of almost unique and unrivaled intellectual power, suffering from a relatively slight homosexual neurosis which probably would have yielded easily to a six months' course of psychoanalytic treatment. Scientifically and intelligently treated, Leopold would have been less dangerous to society than any one of the thousands of hoboes allowed to wander freely about certain sections of the City of Chicago. Loeb, on the other hand, was a person of only average mentality, in the initial stages of an incurable psychosis which carried with it the criminal compulsions that lay at the basis of the varied and hideous crimes committed by these two individuals. No form of medical treatment known to modern science would have rendered Loeb safe for society, and extermination by a painless method would have been the most economical and humane mode of disposing of him.

Logically enough Professor Barnes holds that the task of conviction for crimes should be taken out of the hands of juries and given over to a "permanent body of paid and competent experts." These scientific gentlemen might "exterminate" a few individuals, but that, of course, would not be capital punishment. Where we are to find a sufficient number of "competent experts," the author does not say.

Other articles in this issue are "Great Britain's Labor Strife," by Ralston Hayden; "Europe's Struggle for Peace and Freedom," by William E. Lingelbach; "Mexico's Laws Against Foreign Land Ownership," considered from various viewpoints by J. Fred Rippy, Manuel C. Tellez, Charles A. Frueauff and William H. King; "Emiliano Chamorro, Nicaragua's Dictator," by Walter Scott Penfield; "Haiti's Progress Under American Protectorate," by Melvin M. Knight; "The Vatican's Present Position in Europe," by Robert Machray; "The Viceroys of India from Clive to Reading," by Sayed Zimand; "Spitzbergen, a New Province of Norway," by Paul Knaplund; "Mussolini's Nationalistic and Imperialistic Policies," by Joseph G. Sharkey; "The War Guilt Controversy," discussed by Charles Altschul and by Robert C. Binkley and A. C. Mahr; "Trade Rivalries That Lead to War," by Jerome Davis; "Planning New Horrors in Warfare," by Clifford Albion Tinker; "The Legend of Colonel House," by William MacDonald; "The World Union of Intellectual Forces," by Charles Hodges; "The Anthracite Question: The Operators' Standpoint," by Edward W. Parker; "The New Knowledge of Electrons," by Watson Davis; "Germany's Military Status Today (from Foreign Periodicals,)" by Alexander Gourvitch, and "The Historians' Chronicle of the World," by Current History Associates.

Child Study is a publication issued monthly from October to May by the Child Study Association of America, Inc., 509 West 121st Street, New York City. The April number is in two sections, "The Child and the Camp" and "The Summer Play School." The former is a symposium by Henry Busch, Fay Welch, Ruth Doing, Marion Gans, Eleanor Deming and Joshua Lieberman; and the latter contains an article, "Vacation—and Nowhere to Go," by Helen A. Storey, and "Suggestions for Starting Summer Play Schools."

Vanity Fair for June opens with an essay by Aldous Huxley on "Sincerity in Art," the author's contention being that "literary honesty is a question not of integrity but of talent," since only those who possess literary talent are able to express their feelings with convincing sincerity. Alexander Woollcott tells "How to Make the Parlour a Torture Chamber." The method he has in mind is that of "entertaining" one's guests by conducting questionnaires and other intelligence tests. Corey Ford's "Aa Argh" is a "faintly critical review of the first volume of the Encyclopedia." In "The Improper Drama—Old and New," John Upton compares the comedies of the Restoration with some of the plays of today. Wilbur C. Whitehead, in his article, "Overcalling a No-Trumper in Auction Bridge," proves to his own satisfaction that R. F. Foster is all wrong in his stand on this momentous question, just as Mr. Foster a few months ago proved the utter heresy of Mr. Whitehead's teachings on the same subject. This leaves it up to the player to do as he pleases, and what could be fairer?

A new periodical, or more properly a bulletin, is "Italiana," published by the Italian Literary Guide Service, Darien, Conn. The first number bears the date of May 15, 1926. It contains lists of books and periodical articles published in America relative to Italian affairs.

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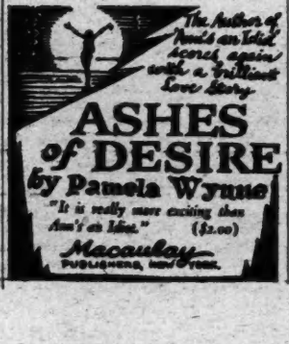

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Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION

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"Prodigals of Monte Carlo." E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"Jud Suss." Lion Feuchtwanger. (The Viking Press.)

NON-FICTION

"The House of Satan." George Jean Nathan. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"Advanced Equitation." Baretto de Souza. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Mohammed." R. F. Dibble. (The Viking Press.)

"Sailing Ships of War—1800 to 1860." Sir Alan Moore, Bart. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

JUNE 5 will be the sixteenth anniversary of the death of William Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name, O. Henry. On that date Station WOR, in cooperation with Doubleday, Page & Co. and the Fox Film Company, will give an O. Henry program over the radio. William Johnston, novelist and editor, who was one of O. Henry's best friends, will tell something about the famous short-story writer's life, and Horace J. Taylor will read some of O. Henry's stories. Joseph Barnett will sing a group of Texas cowboy songs, which O. Henry used to sing when he was a member of a quartet in Austin, and also a group of songs of New York and "The Crucible," the only poem O. Henry ever wrote. The Fox Film Company will give a radio dramatization of "Girl," one of the O. Henry stories which they will produce on the screen. Doubleday, Page & Co. will send a booklet biography of O. Henry to any listener who requests it.

Toward the end of June Harcourt, Brace & Co. will publish "The Book of Marriage," edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. The book contains articles by Jung, Havelock Ellis, Alfred Adler, Richard Huch, Beatrice M. Hinkle and others, touching upon practically every phase of the modern attitude toward marriage. Count Keyserling himself contributes two articles and a preface.

Professors Harry W. Robbins and Harry R. Warfel of Bucknell University are editing a volume of Bucknell undergraduate verse which they expect to publish privately about the first of July.

Louis Bromfield is believed to be somewhere in Europe, but he moves about so rapidly that it is impossible to say just where. He is working on a new novel, "Early Autumn," which will be published about that time by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Tony Sarg's New York," which was announced to appear last Fall and then postponed to this Spring, is now definitely announced for publication in the latter part of July. It will bear the imprint of Greenberg, Inc. A number of the drawings in this book have appeared in the Sunday Magazine Section of THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Fannie Hurst has sailed for Europe, as she can well afford to since her novel, "Mannequin," won the Liberty prize of we forget how many thousand dollars. "Mannequin," by the way, is to appear in book form in August with the imprint of Alfred A. Knopf.

The death on May 9 of Joseph Mallaby Dent, founder of the English publishing house of J. M. Dent & Sons, removes from the publishing world a man whose influence was not confined to his own country. Many of the books he published, including the famous "Temple Classics" and "Everyman's Library," have been brought out here by the firm's American representatives, E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Dent was born in the old Quaker town of Darlington and went to London at the age of 18. He was apprenticed to the printers, Waterlow & Sons, and afterward built up a book-binding business of his own. In 1888 he branched out into publishing, beginning "The Temple Series" with two volumes of Charles Lamb, the "Essays of Elia" and "Last Essays." A few years later he brought out "The Temple Shakespeare" and the translation of Balzac's entire "Comedie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury. His "Everyman's Library" was planned to be a library of one thousand volumes of the world's best literature. Seven hundred and eighty of these have now appeared, and plans for many others are well under way. The business will be carried on under the direction of Hugh Railton Dent, who has for many years been his father's right-hand man.

Homer Croy was the guest of honor at his Alma Mater, the University of Missouri, during journalism week. Mr. Croy claims to be the first student of the first school of journalism in the world. That being the case, it was up to him to make an address, which he did on the subject "What the Public Wants," that being one of the few subjects on which it is possible to speak without fear of successful contradiction. Mr. Croy's novel, "They Had to See Paris," published this Spring by Harper & Brothers, is to be dramatized by Owen Davis and produced early in the Fall by Crosby Gates. This, we are told, will be the first time in dramatic history that a Ford agent appears as the hero of a play. Rah, Rah, Rah! Henry!

Cosmo Hamilton sometimes talks over the radio, and thereby hangs a tale. One day not long ago he was descending from a Fifth Avenue bus, carrying under his arm an advance copy of his new novel hot off the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co. A sudden gust of wind blew his hat off, and a fellow-passenger restored it to him with the remark, "Pardon me, but you are Cosmo Hamilton, aren't you? I listen to you every week over the radio and recognized your voice on the bus. And I want to ask you if that's your new novel under your arm and when will it be out?" That particular radio fan is now the proud possessor of an autographed copy of "His Majesty the King." The scheme probably would not work again with Mr. Hamilton, but it is worth trying on some other author.

Nancy Hoyt has gone to Paris. This is not her first visit, however. Not only has she been there before, but she has written about it in "Roundabout," published by Alfred A. Knopf. She is writing another book, but that is all we know about it. Perhaps she'll drop us a card from Paris and tell us the title. Her sister, Elinor Wylie, will have a new novel out in the Fall. "The Orphan Angel" is the title, and Knopf the publisher. She, too, is on her way to Paris. If it weren't for the migratory habits of authors, half the steamship companies would go bankrupt.

In the annual poll for favorite fiction writers the graduating classes at Fordham and Princeton both chose Rafael Sabatini. A new Sabatini novel, "Bellarion," is announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for publication in the Fall.

A meeting in memory of Amy Lowell was recently held at Keats House, Hempstead, England. Among the speakers were Florence Ayscough, John Drinkwater and John Gould Fletcher. A letter was read from Middleton Murry, expressing the view that Miss Lowell's life of "John Keats" (Houghton Mifflin Company) would be the final one. Mrs. Ayscough gave an intimate account of Amy Lowell's life and work. Houghton Mifflin Company, which has already published one posthumous volume of Miss Lowell's verse, "What's o'Clock," will bring out another in the Fall, entitled "East Wind."

No less than five big prize novel contests are now under way, with prizes ranging from $2,000 to $16,500. In all cases royalties are to be paid in addition to the prize. The Atlantic Monthly offers $10,000 for book and serial rights for the best novel submitted before Feb. 15, 1927. Little, Brown & Co. will pay $2,000 for a new book for the Beacon Hill Bookshelf for boys and girls of 10 or over. The contest closes March 1, 1927. Frederick A. Stokes Company and The Forum will pay $7,500 for book and serial rights of an American biographical-historical novel. March 1, 1927, is the closing date. Curtis Brown offers $16,500 for book, serial and cinema rights of the best first novel by an Amer-

(Continued on Following Page)

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Austrian Literature

(Continued from Page 18)

ruminate on the glories of auld lang syne.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, famed in Austria mostly in connection with the Salsburg Theatre, a glorious Reinhardt production, had promised to become the Goethe of the twentieth century. His early productions did, in fact, remind one of the best works of the German titan. Alas! his creative vein was soon exhausted. He is still a great poet, no doubt, and typically Austrian at that, but it is now certain that he does not rank among the immortals whom the German-speaking nations have given the world. His fantasy has no exuberance of originality—a mark of the genius—and as he is aware of his shortcomings, he is trying to dope his creative energies into frenzied but artificial efforts.

***

AUSTRIA'S literary life is almost as much centralized as that of France. This is another difference between the two German-speaking countries. In the Reich—although there has lately been a centripetal tendency—there are several cities which lay claim to being literary centres. Almost all the individual States of which the Reich is composed had, before their consolidation into a greater unit, been competing for literary hegemony. Weimar, the diminutive capital of a tiny principality, was the most privileged town in Germany in that it had Goethe as its "ace." Frankfurt, Munich and Nurnberg, to mention only a few examples, had their golden periods in the history of German letters, and even now Berlin's position as the "first among equals" is not quite secure.

On the other hand, the centralizing policy, initiated both in political and economic relations by the Hapsburgs, has made Vienna master in the literary field. The Neue Freie Presse still occupies a unique position and makes or, by its silence, unmakes literary reputations. There are only few writers who can withstand Vienna's temptation and hide in their bucolic solitude. Rosegger is dead, and in him the Austrian countryside lost its ablest poet. Hermann Bahr is still active, but his genuine provincialism has turned to Catholic mysticism, and whilé his contributions are still powerful, his dogmatism has proved a great handicap in the popularization of his ideas.

The books to which this article refers in particular, although some of them have great intrinsic value, are mentioned here mostly in illustration of Austria's literary currents. They are written by Austrian authors, although most of them were published in Germany. It is an ever-recurring complaint in the Alpine republic that there are very few publishing houses in Vienna, and that, therefore, Austrian authors are at a disadvantage in disposing of their products.

***

ARTHUR HOLITSCHER is not a novice in the literature dealing with America. A few years ago he wrote a book about the United States which belongs to his best creations. In that book, the same as in the volume under review, he assembled numerous incidents, characteristic of the country, and with the aid of deductions leads his readers to the conclusions he wishes to suggest. Neither of Holitscher's America books are comprehensive descriptions of the country, and yet they leave a vivid impression on the reader's mind. Although their author is of Hungarian origin and lives mostly in Germany, Vienna's influence had shaped his literary career.

The author of "Staedte, Rassen und Physiognomien," Robert Mueller, is dead by his own hand. According to the testimony of this volume, he had an exceedingly well-developed power of intuition and of analysis. He saw too much, as Sainte-Beuve complained, to be tolerant with his fellow-men, and his uncanny perspicacity, aided by a concomitant disillusionment, caused his early death. Austrian literature lost in him one of its most original and promising representatives.

Germany's proximity and a common literary past are responsible for a certain inclination on the part of Austrian authors toward philosophic speculation. There is, however, some difference between the two countries on this score, namely, that while many author-philosophers of the old imperial capital emphasize studious mysticism and wish to impress the reader with their learnedness by inventing a scientific argot intelligible only to themselves, the Austrian philosophers like to popularize their speculations and prefer to address their auditorium in the every-day language. "Pythagoras," by Egmond Colerus, is lucidly written, although it contains many thoughts. The author attempts in it to sound the spiritual depth of such men as Buddha, Confucius, Pythagoras and Dareus.

***

FRANZ KARL GINZKEY is an eatablished "institution" in Austria. He has readers both in Vienna and on the countryside. He curries favor with the mob and has the flair of telling an uninteresting story in a captivating manner. His art is a bastard progeny of old-fashioned Vienna waltz, sweet and melodious, and of brutal jazz, disharmonious and rhythmical. He gives pleasure to many and therefore the pedants, who excommunicated him, are wrong. "Der Seltsame Soldat" is a novel of which several new editions will be printed this year and which two years hence will be as dead as the ear-catching tunes of last year's musical comedy hit.

There can be no doubt that J. F. Perkonig is the master singer of the Austrian mountains. Although he is only 30, he has written many books, and the connoisseurs prophesy that when he will be seen from perspective he will rank with Rosegger in importance. Von Reden's "Der Soldat" dramatizes a topic which did not receive much attention before. Within the compass of the history of a "gentleman" robber the author describes Croatia and the rich Slavic sentimentality of her inhabitants, their semi-rational and semi-mythical outlook on life.

Austria, truly a "buffer State," German in its language and manifold in its racial composition, has evolved a literature that bears testimony to the varied forces, to which it owes its existence. Unlike the Reich's literature, in which the Fichtean traditions of ultra-nationalism still persists, Austria sees life's problems not from within the confines of an exclusive nationalism, but from the angle of universally human problems. It has not yet produced, perhaps, an author who solved the mystery of its existence and who gave an imitation in his writings of the majesty of the Tyrolean Alps. But it brought forth numerous writers who did catch the music of the Vienna woods where Beethoven bore his giants and Schubert chatted with his nymphs, where Johann Strauss was anointed the "Waltz King" and his son met the "Rosenkavalier."

Books and Authors

(Continued from Preceding Page)

ican author submitted before Sept. 1 of this year. And Harper & Brothers will give $2,000 for book rights only of the best novel by an American citizen. This contest closes Feb. 1, 1927. What, oh what, will the harvest be?

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has been awarded the Howells Medal for distinguished work in fiction by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. This medal, in commemoration of William Dean Howells, who was the first President of the Academy, is given every fifth year in recognition of the most distinguished work of American fiction published during that period. Mrs. Freeman's books, published by Harper & Brothers, include "Debtor," "Giles Corey, Yeoman," "Humble Romance," "New England Nun," "Pembroke," and "Portion of Labor." A collection of her best short stories is to be published this year by Harper.

John Galsworthy's new novel, "The Silver Spoon," which has been appearing as a serial in Scribner's Magazine, will be published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons early in July. It is a Forsyte novel in so far at least that one of the principal characters is a member of that family.

M. A. Aldanov, whose historical novel, "The Ninth Thermidor," has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf, was born at Kiev, Russia, in 1888. Lack of sympathy with the Bolshevik régime forced him to leave Russia in 1919, and he now lives in Paris. In Europe, where his work is well known, "The Ninth Thermidor" is considered his most important book.

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Other Recent Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

thews, whom he is ever quick to extricate from his deepest difficulties.

The plot hinges on the remarkable physical likeness between twin brothers, who, however, are absolutely dissimilar in character: Colonel Stanley Matthews, a trusted officer in the Roundhead forces, and Sir Philip Matthews, nicknamed "the King's Shadow," an ardent Royalist. This close resemblance is the cause of all manner of errors and complications. When Stanley accidentally meets Mistress Kate Talbot—who mistakes him for Philip—the instantly enamored Colonel unswervingly espouses the cause of the lovely blue-eyed, auburn-haired Royalist maid, impersonates his brother and is the direct means of the King's successful escape to France.

It is like meeting an old friend to find that Kate's uncle is that fine old fisherman Izaak Walton, by far the most delightful character in the book. Sturdy in figure, with a thoughtful, weather-roughened face and eyes clear and candid as a child's, he declares that the art of angling "doth eradicate all degrees and barriers of rank and wealth, setting up in their stead those of age and experience." He owes to his favorite pastime health, a contemplative philosophy, a wealth of friendships; and as for fishing itself, he classes it as "an employment for his idle time, which, when not idly spent, is a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, begetting habits of peace and patience in those who profess and practice it."

The necessary picaresque touch to the narrative is furnished by the highwayman Guinea Jack and his intrepid champion in thievery, Firelock Bess. This odd pair, after all sorts of nefarious deeds, cast in their lot with Stanley and Kate, and discover to their amazement that a life of respectability is really what they had always craved.

"For the King," a spirited, swashbuckling romance of picturesque days, has much of the flavor of those old-time favorites, "If I Were King" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." There is an unfailing demand for a good novel of adventure where men dare all for love of a lady, and in whose thrilling pages the common or garden citizen may forget the uninteresting humdrum of his matter-of-fact existence.

FOUR-CYLINDER ROMANCE

HONK! A Motor Romance. By Doris F. Halman. 303 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

THE latest new indoor sport for Wintry evenings has been planning what you are going to do to the map of Europe in the coming Summer. "Honk" is a record glorifying one of these mad assaults upon the dignity of Europe, probably written in the following Winter, when the mind was still glowing with fragrant memories. It is, for a light novel, thoroughly disillusioning. A few more accounts like this and the tavern keepers shall have only the Rolls-Royce trade. The red tape necessary for a motor trip through several countries has completely discouraged our Fording expedition to the watering places of Southern Germany.

Dr. Van Kleeck taught economics in a woman's college. Apparently, this sort of job has been overrated. He remarks himself that:

> There were times when I thought that I must give up teaching in a woman's college. It was no place whatever for a man of my appearance; and though I could take care of myself very well, and protect myself without effort from any woman living, still, I detested being kept conscious of how unremitting was the necessity.

The adoration of his class, and of little Proctor, in particular, with their appreciation of his eyes and the light on his hair, several times nearly drove him to remark:

> Young women, I may be too young and too well-formed for your Professor of Economics; but please remember that I can't help it, and that I have to earn my living.

Such surfeit of attention—remember, this is a light novel—made him a woman-hater instead of a conceited man. Hence, with a woman of his age, the Scotch-Italian Rafaela, with a strong acquired sense of humor, and a face that definitely discouraged romance, he began at her invitation to plan a motor trip through the Latin countries of Europe. This was to be an escape. Of course Raff had a friend Riff, who joined the party. They were nice girls and all that Van Kleeck could ask for. But after all the difficulties of registering his car, getting permits and licenses, he had to put up with their driving, and neither of them seemed to know the clutch from the brake.

They had planned in two months to swing across half of Europe. In their acquired Citroën—the French equivalent, were such possible, of a Ford—they were to go from Paris to Spain, returning via the South of France, run down Italy to Rome and Naples, come back to Florence, cross to Venice, turn north through the Italian Lakes to Switzerland, and finally slide down the Alps to Paris.

These people were more than hostages to fortune, they were children of fate. That woman-hater, Van Kleeck, was bearing up nobly under the trials of the open road, but destiny held an ace up its sleeve for him. He had tempted fortune with an excess of trustfulness. In Paris, in his hours of mad toil with French officials, he had been friendly with a young American, who was going on a honeymoon, and had his young sister land unexpectedly from the United States and join him. Van Kleeck expressed his sympathy and suggested that if there was anything he could do—why, call on him. That was a moment of weakness. A week later he found that the young sister of his new friend was the little Proctor.

The newlywed begged him to relieve them of Phoebe for a few days. She was taken for nine days on trial. But Phoebe was a clever and resourceful, modern girl. She knew what she wanted. It was all over with Van Kleeck. Europe and its culture, Europe and its charming Old-World ways, became only a background for romance.

This is a mad, wild tale of the American invasion. It is practically all told by dialogue. Taken in short doses, its slang and high spirits are infectious. To our more leisurely inclination it potently suggests that walking through Europe would be much more pleasant. Still, we wonder what right had such people in going to Europe, who were so lacking a sense of appreciation for the wines of France. Really, it was an affront to the fleur-de-lis.

DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

MISS BLAKE'S HUSBAND. By Elizabeth Jordan. 379 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.

THE day of the lovely languid heroine has passed. Instead of sitting quietly on a cushion and sewing a fine seam while gentlemen seek her hand in marriage, it is comme il faut for the modern young lady of fiction to take Cupid's arrow in hand and go out a-hunting for a husband. At least this is what Marjorie Blake, a beautiful, intelligent and wealthy orphan does in the book so provocatively entitled "Miss Blake's Husband."

Miss Blake, a member of the generation which leaves nothing to destiny, has emerged from college with no foolish desire to pursue a career in the hierarchies of commerce or the arts. She wants to marry. She says: "Marriage is to be my career. It's more important to me than anything else, and I'm not going to have it muddled. So I shall attend to all its details myself."

The perfect husband, as Miss Blake visualizes him, combines the attributes of Solon the Wise, of Richard the Lion-hearted, and of Bayard, the pure and irreproachable gentleman, together with the beauty of the morning star. In the little backwater California town where she lives there are no possible perfect husbands. There are only nice boys who would make dull husbands. They propose to Marjorie and she refuses them. The prospects of a life filled with women's clubs, bridge parties and country club dances fails to arouse her interest. Besides, since she is almost unbearably rich, Miss Blake never knows whether these youths are wooing her for herself or her money.

She decides to begin her search for the perfect husband in New York, and since she wants to be loved, like the heroines of old, for herself alone, she travels incognito as a lady of modest means. Incidentally she plans to carry out a mission she has long wished to fulfill. Somewhere in New York she has a half-brother whom she has never seen and whose identity she is anxious to ascertain.

In a train wreck she meets Kate Kennedy, a strangely bitter girl slightly older than herself. Kate takes Marjorie under her wing after the accident, shares her apartment with her, and introduces her to her brother Bob; to Horace Kemp, a wealthy, flip and charming young man, and to Dr. Tilden. Thus, in very short order, three possible perfect husbands appear. A young banker is added to the list, and a fifth presents himself in the person of David Osgood, with a face like a golden Hellene god. While Marjorie is considering these gentlemen she continues her search for the missing brother. It leads her into queer places and situations. At the same time she is puzzled by Kate Kennedy, who is sometimes very friendly and sometimes almost hateful. It is only when Bob Kennedy is at death's door as a result of a bullet wound, suffered for Marjorie's sake, that the mystery clears itself. In the happy dénouement

(Continued on Page 27)

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Brief Reviews

THE JEWISH RACE

ARE THE JEWS A RACE? By Karl Kautsky. Translated from the second German edition. 256 pp. New York: International Publishers. $2.50.

FOUNDER and editor of the Berlin Neue Zeit and author of many books on economic and other questions, Herr Kautsky is, nevertheless, not well known to American readers. But Jews and Gentiles alike, if they are not already familiar with his work, will find this book a stimulating introduction. Although this is its first appearance in English, it was published in Germany in 1914. In 1921 came a second edition, with revisions and additions, including a chapter on "Zionism After the War." For this English version the author has revised the second edition and brought it up to date in the light of recent developments in Palestine. It is a brilliantly written book, made all the more provocative by a touch of the caustic here and there, in which the author surveys the whole question of Judaism—whether or not the Jews are a separate race, what are their relations to other races, what are the causes of their economic progress in countries where they have settled, what is the purpose of the Zionist movement and what is likely to be its fate.

In the opening chapters, which deal with race theories and the origins and distinctive characteristics of races of animals and of men, the reader soon discovers that Herr Kautsky has studied widely and has used his own analytical brain with sarcastic effect upon the theories and arguments of those who endeavor to divide mankind into superior and inferior races, to the aggrandizement each of his own section of humanity. He finds the race argument used nowadays more in support of anti-Semitism than in any other social movement of our times, and to be an important factor, while within Judaism, as a reaction against this development, he sees a similar tendency to use it as proof that a noble race, chosen by God, should keep itself aloof and pure. Finally, at the end of his discussion of race theories, racial origins and racial mixtures, he comes to the conclusion that "the race struggle itself is an invention of the brains of schoolmasters," and then passes on to a consideration of whether or not the physical peculiarities and mental qualities of the Jews mark them as a distinct race which should keep itself, or be kept by others, from mixture with them. He takes up one after another of the physical characteristics that are supposed to distinguish the Jews and quotes the results of investigations. Thus, with regard to the so-called "Jewish nose," he quotes the percentages found by a scientist who examined almost 3,000 Jews in New York City to have been: Greek or straight, 57 per cent.; anub or retroussé, 22 per cent.; aquiline, or hooked, 14 per cent.; flat and broad, 6. Among 1,200 Jewesses examined the percentage of straight noses was even higher and of hooked noses smaller than among men. Other characteristics, such as coloring, and skull form, are also examined and compared with those of other races, with results that bring the author to the conclusion that physical traits of both Jews and non-Jews have been chiefly determined by their environment.

The cartoonists of the comic papers [says Herr Kautsky] are quite justified in depicting Jews as possessing the "Jewish countenance." The task of the caricaturist is to exaggerate and emphasize striking and unusual traits. But when anthropologists dignify this countenance by making it an earmark of a specific Jewish race, they are creating a caricature of their own science.

The question of the assimilation of the Jews with other races is considered in a historical survey that glances rapidly down the centuries and then takes up statistics showing conditions in several countries within recent years, the author coming to the conclusion that the Jews can maintain themselves as a distinct race only when political, economic and social pressure excludes them from free and natural relations with their environment. The Jews, he thinks, "will dissolve," unite with their environment and disappear where the Jew is regarded and treated as a free man and an equal." Herr Kautsky seems to consider this a desirable end of the long struggle between Jews and Gentiles; therefore, he is opposed to the present-day attempt to found a Jewish State in Palestine, and he thinks that it would be much more worth while to endeavor to aid the Jews in Eastern Europe to "achieve a truly human status." Being a Social-Democrat, he sees in an "energetic participation in the class struggle of the proletariat" the only path to salvation available to them. For he believes that out of the chaos of political and economic conditions in Russia will emerge not Bolshevism but a development more in line with the Social-Democracy of Western Europe, wherein the Jewish masses, if they have gained their freedom, can take their due place.

Herr Kautsky's book has some of the faults usually to be found in the works of those who write on themes in which they are intensely interested. He overestimates the consequence of some of the writers whose works he deals with, paying far more attention, for instance, to the theories and arguments of Houston Stuart Chamberlain than they deserve, and although he has read rather extensively, the importance of his subject demanded an even more widely ranging consultation and comparison of authorities. However, he has given it vigorous and interesting treatment, with the added relish of frequent sarcastic comment. And there is probably no recent book that could offer more wholesome reading to Americans of whatever mixture of races, or one more likely to stimulate them to individual thinking about the problems it discusses.

"GOLLIWOGG'S" MOTHER

FLORENCE UPTON, PAINTER. By Edith Lyttleton. Illustrated. 128 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

FLORENCE UPTON, who died in 1922, won considerable fame as a painter but wider renown as the creator of the "Golliwogg," that beaming black doll that a generation ago brought delight to the hearts of small boys and girls and for a dozen years enjoyed high success. He was companioned always by a family of Dutch dolls who shared his popularity. They made their début in 1893, when their creator was a beautiful girl only 20 years old, as illustrations in a children's book for which Miss Upton's mother wrote the verse.

In the following years fifteen Golliwogg books were published before the demand for them began to decline. Manufacturers in several countries made goodly fortunes out of Golliwogg dolls, from which, not having had the foresight to patent the figure, his creator received nothing. Golliwogg's quaint form and smiling face appeared on inkwells, paperweights and all manner of small articles, furnished designs for wall papers and were made into friezes. Finally he was dramatized, soon after the turn of the century, and no less a man than Debussy wrote a Golliwogg symphony. During the war the original Golliwogg drawings and a case holding the original six dolls were sold in London at an auction for the benefit of the Red Cross and brought a sum large enough to equip a complete ambulance car, which, under the name of Golliwogg, served in the British Army at the front in France. Some of the framed pictures went to the London Museum, where they remain, the property of the British nation, and the case of dolls was presented by its purchaser to Chequers, the home of the British Prime Ministers, where it stands at the end of a long gallery.

The financial success of her Golliwogg enabled the young artist to follow cherished plans, and she studied, traveled and painted with zeal, winning much success, especially as a portrait painter. Reproductions of several portraits and other paintings illustrate this little story of her life. Florence Upton was born in New York of English parents and spent here most of her youth, although her life, after she began her artistic career, was passed almost wholly in England and on the Continent. Mrs. Lyttleton, who was her intimate and long-time friend, writes this little memoir of her with understanding and sympathy, but from a judicial point of view. As happened to so many English people during and immediately after the war, Miss Upton was converted to belief in the truth of psychic manifesta-

(Continued on Page 26)

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A Yankee Privateer

(Continued from Page 6)

The voice, however feeble, raised in favor of the poor, the despised and oppressed; the effort, however small, to light up the spark of divinity in degraded man; the cup of cold water given in the spirit of charity; the widow's mite of compassion, received more of my respect than all the conquerors, from Alexander down to Napoleon.

Shortly after this digression upon Lord Nelson the manuscript section that had been given to Mr. Smyth abruptly stops. The narrative starts up again with the description of the transfer of the prisoners from the Barbados to England. The trip across wasn't unpleasant. There is a certain amount of amusement in the excessive precaution that the English took in guarding their cousins. They almost seemed to be subscribing to the notion that a single unarmed Yank was match for untold armed English tars. Among the prisoners was an energetic little man who had captained a privateer. He is designated in this journal as "the little Captain." He was one of those singular gentlemen who have the fortunate habit of always landing on their feet and of being at home wherever they land. His methods weren't strictly hidebound in a stern New England fashion, but their expediency led to much material comfort. He took our young privateer under his protection and saved him untold sufferings.

Arriving off the coast of England, the prisoners were exchanged to the Van Tromp, an old 64-gun ship, into whose hold, black as pitch and slimy with several inches of mud, they are compelled to enter. Our young privateer has accounted his narrative with great fairness. In fact, the charity of his point of view is such that he practically leans backward in his effort to strike a golden mean with justice to all. This crowding of men into a dark hold, full of filth, to break their spirit, and suffering them only a starvation ration of food, moves him to this protest:

> I am sorry to feel obliged to go into these details, for I would much rather find occasion to praise than to blame those who had charge of us during our captivity; but the treatment we received on board this ship was marked with so evident a design to oppress us that I can conceive of no palliation for it.

This is his strongest manner of invective against the treatment accorded to the American sailors by the English Navy.

Landed at Plymouth, the prisoners, already in a fatigued condition, short of rations, covered with dirt and vermin, were marched 16 miles overland to Dartmoor, and all huddled into an empty prison and left to sleep on the stone flags. Here began an eighteen months' imprisonment. Here we are given an interesting account of the nature of the daily life and a diagram of the prison's walls, gates and armed guards which is remarkably clear. Here are anecdotes of various attempts and methods of escape. The behavior and reactions of the men are commented upon at length. Our privateer, still in the company of the little Captain, accepted his confinement with stoicism. He had little sympathy with his more rebellious brethren, and considered their high spirits and defiant nature merely troublesome. He relates the self-government, trading and bartering, that was set up within the walls, at length. As is so frequently the case in life, a man who had sufficient money at his disposal fared with considerable personal ease. The narrating privateer had neither money nor the agility to get his bit in the survival of the fittest, but his comrades, especially the little Captain, were generous in sharing with him.

Dartmoor was cold and dank. The windows were without glass. Disease soon made itself manifest. Of the some 3,000-odd Yankee sailors in this awful place, mostly young men, a ratio of something like one out of thirteen died of various malignant forms of tuberculosis and smallpox. The narrator is of the opinion that the authorities were negligent and did little to arrest this high rate of mortality. Scantily clad, without fires, and ill fed, in a climate addicted to drizzling, their dire situation could not be assuaged by the kindly but overworked Irish surgeon.

A chapter is devoted to the amusements that ranged all the way from amateur theatricals to serious reading, in literate forms, and from drinking to gambling in more racy ways. As to the work of the prisoners, we are left in doubt, though a picture is included of a stone church built by the prisoners at Dartmoor between the years 1800-1814.

In the course of his narrative many incidents of the miscarriage of justice and gross brutality to the innocent are recorded. These are balanced with the personal kindness afforded to himself. It is explained away in a generalization: "Necessity and expediency are the pleas of tyranny, wrong and injustice all the world over, and if nations are ever brought to judgment and retribution the black sin of Great Britain in this case will be added to the catalogue of her wrongs to Hindustan and Ireland." Yet in summing up the uncalled-for massacre of the prisoners, while he snorts at the official statement, he holds a brief for Captain Shortland, the prison commander, on the ground that he did his duty in ordering his men to fire. This is hard to accept, for, according to his own narrative, not a man was within reach of the outer walls, which were lined with several hundred troops. This is tolerance, but charity has been known to rest nearer at home.

Our privateer's attitude toward his protector was peculiar. Its appreciation was infected, unusually for a boy, with a suspended judgment. A prompting of his self-righteousness is ever adding a smug comment to his relation of incident, as in the account of their Christmas party, of which he notes that: "A one-pound note brought ten gallons of beer and there were but ten persons to partake of it, and of the abstemiousness of one of the ten modesty forbids me to speak." Again he hails his protector as: "Best of messmates! Prince of good fellows and paragon of providers! Shouldn't thou not be allowed thine own little peculiar, thy drop of comfort in this ungenial climate?" His final comment on his friend in need—the man he owed so much to—including his early release from Dartmoor—is hardly in accord with his great charity:

> I parted at New York with my little messmate and I never saw him again under circumstances that gave me any pleasure in the recognition. Once or twice I had the opportunity (which I hope I improved) of repaying him in some measure his many acts of kindness. He has gone home, but he has children and friends yet remaining and I have purposely omitted his name and some facts that they may not recognize in my description the faults and follies of their friend and father.

Who, indeed, could this self-satisfied, prosperous and—in spite of all his prim and condescending notions—rather appealing old fellow have been? Who is this self-consciously respectable alderman who wants all the world to conform to a quiet orderliness? A man who has seen the world in tumult of fighting, who is ever withdrawn from the stress and begrudgingly admits its brutality, who would like to overlook it but is too honest, and sings the glory of kindness to be found on all sides—and yet who judges so solemnly a generous comrade? A naïve and shrewd personality is projected in this unique and quaint journal. He is really more fascinating than his narrative. Doubtless, his best tales were told about the fire, with his friends and his pipe—if he indulged—for his seriousness has surely left much that was more attractive to his lighter moments, when in company of his taste he unbent with the finer bits of his reminiscences that were recorded in his diary.

It isn't so strange, considering the nature of the events, that this narrative has had so belated a publication in book form. Its tolerant point of view must have had small appeal to a people surfeited with bitter personal memories, who held quite different feeling. When one remembers that the glowing books of Melville sold only a few hundred copies at their publication it isn't strange that this quaint narrative has only received a belated printing. The memory of Salem as a port of the world and the passing of the traffic of the clipper ships had to fade before these stirring activities took on a less practical aspect and joined the sphere of things romantic. This tale of bygone days and a quaint personality is in striking contrast to a mechanical age.

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Notes on Rare Books

A SUBJECT only imperfectly understood in this country, and rarely treated even in a general way, is that of the art of early book illustration in England. English and Continental students have a knowledge of this beautiful craft and its intricate details which so far transcends our own that we must invariably turn to them for correct information. We do not know of more than a few, a very few, scholars in America who can accurately—perhaps even approximately—date and place an early English illuminated manuscript. There is an excuse and justification for this, perhaps, in the fact that most of these early manuscripts have never left England. With the exception of a few great pieces deposited in the Pierpont Morgan Library, such as the "Windmill" Psalter (so named by William Morris), and the Huntingfield Psalter; a few in the Huntington Library, and a meager number in private American collections, we have nothing to compare with the illuminated and decorated early English MSS. in the British Museum, the Fitzwilliam, the Bodleian, Corpus Christi, Trinity College (Cambridge), Lambeth Palace, John Rylands (Manchester) or the private collections of the Duke of Devonshire, Sir George Holford, A. Chester Beatty and C. W. Dyson Perrins.

To those American students who are devoted to this enchanting subject and those collectors who have more than a merely acquisitive interest in these precious remnants of a bygone art the new work of Eric G. Millar, F. S. A. (of the Department of MSS., British Museum), will be very welcome indeed. This is "English Illuminated Manuscripts From the Xth to the XIIIth Century." (Paris and Brussels, Librairie Nationale d'Art et d'Histoire, G. Van Oest, publisher). It is presented in a stately and beautiful volume illustrated by a colored frontispiece of a page of the Psalter of Alphonso (A. D. 1284; now B. M.) and one hundred collotype plates from photographs mainly by Donald Macbeth of London.

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WE cannot too warmly praise the excellent treatment of his subject by Mr. Millar. It is obvious that it would be scholarly, but what is more to be valued, it is entertaining as well. It is not a book for either the learned or the uninitiated who would be unmoved by the positively stirring beauty of some of these illuminations and miniatures. This is fortunate, for it implies that whatever audience Mr. Millar's work may acquire, no matter what its degree of knowledge, it will be, at least, keenly appreciative. We think that there is not much that is more beautiful in art than some of the borders, initials or miniatures of the period considered in this volume; the productions of spontaneous artists in a leisurely age, remote in thought and time from our own. In some of these mere representation delights by its crudity, a crudity withal subtly harmonious and charming. The exquisite balance of the example of the Benedictional of Archbishop Robert, or the repressed movement of the "Missal" of Robert of Jumieges are things not easily to be forgotten. The pitiable crucified Christ in the Psalter, from New Minster, Winchester, about A. D. 1060, strikes a haunting note that, curiously enough, was to have its echo centuries later in some of Aubrey Beardsley's work, and that of some German modernists. There is a breath-catching beauty in the "Windmill" Psalter, with its marvelously intricate pen-work background.

Mr. Millar's introductory account and the "Hand List" he provides consolidate information of quite definite value to students. His work is an "attempt (to) survey * * * the art of book illumination in England from the tenth century to the year 1300. * * *" (The art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries he proposes to treat in a volume now in preparation.) In his consideration of the manuscripts in this volume of tenth-thirteenth century manuscripts he excludes the earlier periods deliberately. Book illumination existed in England from about the year 700 onward, during which one of the world's masterpieces was produced, the celebrated Lindisfarne Gospels (now B. M.). This exclusion is justifiable, for practically all of the work executed between the year 700 to the beginning of the tenth century was of the Hiberno-Saxon school, which had little or no influence upon later English productions. Furthermore, practically all of these earlier examples have been very fully treated elsewhere and are readily familiar to students.

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ALTHOUGH early English manuscripts have been for the most part accurately classified and described, practically nothing is known of the artists nor the circumstances under which illuminated manuscripts were produced. The scribe occassionally gave some vague clue, but it is rarely that the illuminator is known. The more elaborate books were usually the work of professional illuminators, acting on commission from a wealthy patron; the monasteries were chiefly concerned with books for their own use. In this connection it is interesting to remember that the name of one illuminator of the first half of the thirteenth century—and one of the most original and gifted of his craft—has only recently become known. Mr. Millar tells the story:

Nothing is more remarkable or more fascinating than the way in which both he and it [his productions] have suddenly come to light within the last twenty years. In 1906 Mr. Dyson Perrins acquired, on the advice of Mr. S. C. Cockerell, a small Sarum Horse of about A. D. 1240, which in addition to its interest as an early example of a separate Book of Hours, was remarkable for the exceptional character of its decoration. The manuscript was shown a little later to Sir George Warner, whose attention was caught by some marginal notes against two small portraits of a tonsured man; one of these notes proved to be the name "W. de Brailes," and the other the same followed by the words "qui me dépeint"! It is not surprising that there should have been a search for further examples. In 1908 Mr. Cockerell when arranging the magnificent loan exhibition of illuminated manuscripts at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, found a Psalter in the library of New College, Oxford, some pages of which, though unsigned, were unmistakably by Brailes. A little later, he acquired for his own collection a second Psalter containing one page by Brailes, and in 1915 Mr. Perrins obtained a small Bible with several initials by him, neither book again containing his signature. Finally Mr. Cockerell, during a visit to America in 1920, with Mr. Chester Beatty, discovered in the hands of a New York bookseller six leaves of miniatures cut from a Psalter, which he at once recognized as the work of Brailes. Mr. Beatty thereupon purchased them for his collection, but it was not until Mr. Cockerell was able to inspect them more closely at his hotel that he found in a miniature of the Last Judgment a small figure of a tonsured man being held back from a group of condemned persons by St. Michael, and over this figure a scroll with the inscription "W. DE BRAIL[ES] ME F[E]CIT." There has surely never been a more triumphant vindication of connoisseurship, and Mr. Cockerell is to be envied.

***

THIS last discovery, which has been looked upon as one of the most important in this field in many years, took place in the vault of the Rosenbach Company. So far as we have been able to learn, this last discovered example of Brailes's work is the earliest signed English illumination.

While a comparatively large-number of early English manuscripts still exist, the Danish invaders of the ninth century were responsible for the destruction of vast numbers of codices. Testimony to this effect is to be found in the writings of King Alfred himself, who "saw, before it was ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books." But the Reformers of the sixteenth century were quite as culpable in this regard and with much less justification than the pagan invaders many centuries before. Whole schools may have perished in their entirety. Many of the manuscripts which survive were saved by such individuals as Thomas Dakcombe, the parish priest and minor canon of Winchester, who preserved most of the Winchester manuscripts at the time of the Dissolution, and the early collectors and founders of libraries, such as Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575) and Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631), whose treasures have found their way into Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the British Museum.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 23)

tions and experiences and for the last six years of life was a convinced believer in spiritism. She did much automatic writing and afterward tried also automatic speech, with which, Mrs. Lyttleton says, she was less successful. Half the book is devoted to this phase of Miss Upton's life, with which her biography reveals much sympathy, although she thinks that much of the automatic script was the product of the writer's own mind. She comments interestingly on the change these psychic experiences made in Florence Upton's character and life, changing her, she says, "from an unhappy woman to a happy one, from an introspective and lonely creature to a gay and expansive companion, who possessed many friends."

WOMEN IN INDIA

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA. Moral and Literary Studies. By Clarisse Bader. Translated by Mary E. R. Martin. 336 pp. Trübner's Oriental Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

AN unusual story is involved in the publication of this book. Its author, Clarisse Bader, was a learned Frenchwoman who made a devoted study of Sanskrit literature and of the position of women in ancient India. The result was this volume, first published in 1867, when it was crowned by the French Academy. Ten years later the Indian poet, Toru Dutt, obtained from the author permission to translate it into English, but died before making any progress in the work. The present translator, Mary E. R. Martin, obtained similar permission in 1880, but only now has brought the work to completion and publication.

Mlle. Bader died in 1902, thirty-five years after completing the work, whose pages bear proof of the fresh enthusiasm with which she had written it in her early twenties. From the evidence afforded by Indian literature, religion and tradition, the author portrays in the first section the position of woman among the Aryans, her connection with their religious philosophy and practice and her status as young girl, wife, mother and widow. In the second part she deals with woman during legendary times, traces her position during the heroic age and then comes down to her place in the court life of India during the first century of the Christian era. Throughout there are frequent comparisons with the life, literature and womanhood of Greece and Rome, with the advantage usually resting with the Orientals.

Especially interesting is the parallel Mlle. Bader draws between the women—and what of social life and ethical ideas they signify—of the Iliad and those of the Indian epic, the Ramayana. The book is written, as one would expect of a young Frenchwoman, with vivacity and freshness of interest. The sanity and clarity of its thinking is not interfered with by the picturesqueness of its style, which, however, is not marked enough to offend good taste. The book should prove useful and interesting to those who desire easily gained information on the status of women in ancient India and on the ethical ideals and literary achievements of the old Indian civilization.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

A PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD. The Mental Development and Mental Hygiene of the First Two Years of Life. By Jessie Chase Fenton. Introduction by Lewis M. Terman. Illustrated. 348 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THIS very practical handbook will doubtless prove a welcome guide in the wilderness to many a harassed and bewildered young mother, anxious to make use of the vast amount of new knowledge about children but perplexed by a thousand doubts and uncertainties as to its right application. Mrs. Fenton takes up in detail every problem that is likely to assail the mother of a child from its birth through its first two years, illustrates it with instances from the records that have been kept by students of infant psychological development, frequently with accounts of her experiences with her own child, and in the light that modern psychology is throwing on all such situations suggests how each problem should be solved. All the usual reactions of the child at birth receive attention, and then Mrs. Fenton considers in turn the beginning and development of the playing impulse, of the use of the senses and of language; how muscular control is gained in the use of the hands and in learning to walk and to bring the body under control; shows how and when intelligence dawns and is followed by the development of higher mental processes, and what should be the mental training of the infant. Two chapters on the emotions and another on special problems in care and training are followed by discussion of the total personality of the child and how it should be trained as a whole. An appendix contains blanks and suggestions for recording the child's development.

While the book is thoroughly well grounded in the contributions to child psychology that have been made in recent years, its language is as simple as that of one ordinary mother talking to another. The author's chief purpose is to show how important are the influences surrounding the infant and the methods by which it is cared for and trained in both their immediate and life-long effect, and to give practical and specific directions for the application, in that care and training, of sound psychological principles. There is a rapidly growing number of books that set forth and explain the findings of modern child psychology, and there have been others that contain mere records of observations, but Mrs. Fenton's is the first to show mothers how to make practical use of those principles and how to profit by those observational records.

AID FOR DYSPEPTICS

INDIGESTION: WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO PREVENT IT. By Arthur L. Holland, M. D. 130 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

THE most triumphant achievement of civilization is the extent to which it has made man abnormally conscious of his nerves and his stomach. Perhaps the largest category of civilized beings a discriminating census could find would be of those who have, or think they have, some form of indigestion. And therefore this book by Dr. Holland, who is assistant professor of clinical medicine in the Medical College of Cornell University, will probably have many deeply interested readers.

Dr. Holland treats his subject in language sufficiently untechnical, simple and clear to render his volume easily understandable by the uninformed layman. He first describes the structure of the digestive canal and its machinery and methods and tells how they function. Thus the reader gets at the beginning a clear conception of the normal processes of digestion. Then Dr. Holland goes on to the symptoms of abnormality, tells what causes each one and what is its significance and illustrates the various abnormal phases with briefly described medical cases and experiments. Idiosyncrasies concerning food and dislike of certain kinds of food are quite fully discussed in one chapter, their importance indicated and suggestions made as to how they can be eliminated. Irregularities of the bowel function and important diseases of the stomach have a chapter each, with suggestions for helpful treatment of some of the abnormal conditions by the individual himself. Advice on general hygiene and the taking of exercise as important factors in keeping the digestive tract in wholesome condition complete the book. Dr. Holland deprecates too much interest on the part of the layman in his bodily processes and thinks that these are likely to be carried on more successfully the less conscious he is of them. But he quotes approvingly the description of the stomach as "an alarm box in the abdomen" and considers it desirable for the average person to have an intelligent understanding of how it sounds its warnings and what they signify. He points out that food itself plays a minor rôle among the causes of faulty digestion and also that not infrequently some member other than the stomach is at fault. And the primary purpose of his little book is to help the ordinary person by knowledge, intelligence and wise control of his regimen to prevent the occurrence of digestive troubles.

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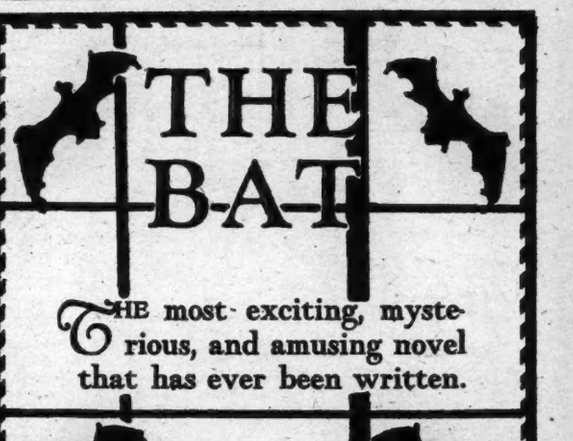

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

Marjorie finds her brother, discovers the reason for Kate's unusual demeanor and chooses the perfect husband.

Personally, we found none of the traits of Solon the Wise, Richard the Lion-Hearted, or Bayard the Pure in the gentleman who took the blue ribbon. To us he was just a rather likable young man whom we hadn't considered very seriously as the story marched forward.

The surprising identity of Miss Blake's husband gives zest to the conclusion of the mystery story. Indeed, it seems as though the mystery story completely triumphed over the romance, for as a romance Miss Jordan's novel is nondescript, but as a story of surprises it is so intelligently plotted and dramatically developed that it keeps the reader guessing to the very last page.

PICTORIAL HORSEFLESH

THE PAINTED STALLION. By Hal G. Evarts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.

MR. EVARTS'S Western stories are better than the average because they depend far less upon melodrama than upon reality. He knows the West—its people, its topography, not least of all its wild life. "The Painted Stallion" is a rather brief and very uncomplicated story, with just enough plot and romance to carry it through, dealing essentially with horses and in particular with a magnificent stallion called White Blanket. His dam was a mare named Patches, who belonged to young Millie Powers, and one day fled from civilization. For years White Blanket roamed wild across the ranges, herding his mares and leading them to waterholes. As Millie Powers was courted by every cowhand, trader and ranchman in the neighborhood, and as White Blanket was regarded as hers because she had owned Patches, any one of her suitors "would have traded six months' pay" to be able to rope White Blanket and lead him to Millie as a gift.

It was Reese Conday who finally captured him. Reese had first met Millie years before while fleeing toward the border after killing two desperadoes, and he had fallen in love with her. When the States were safe for him again, he returned to her neighborhood, made what seemed to be a fool's bargain and what in reality was a shrewd one, and began collaring all the wild mustangs and selling them for a good price. When he finally caught White Blanket, he had no idea the stallion was regarded as Millie's, and for a time they had the sort of lovers' misunderstanding which is necessary to a story like this. But things turned out properly in the end.

Mr. Evarts is not a specially good story-teller, and his early chapters fail to get the story skillfully under way. But "The Painted Stallion" is least important for its narrative. What appeals to the reader is the strong, vital sense of horseflesh—the spectacle of White Blanket or of hundreds of other horses running wild. Such pictures are convincing, and obviously first-hand. They go far toward lifting "The Painted Stallion" above the level of trite blood-and-thunder Western yarns, pulsing more vividly with life than all the make-believe that has ever been invented.

A MYSTERIOUS INN

THE GREEN DRAGON. By J. Jefferson Farjeon. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $2.

ON the opening page of this novel, things commence happening at a rapid rate; and they continue happening at a rapid rate until the close, nearly four hundred pages later. A honeymoon couple are wrecked on a lonely countryside; and when the balking motor car persistently refuses to respond to all efforts, the adventurous two are forced to look for lodgings in regions unknown. In this task they are assisted by a drunken vagabond, who tells them of the inn of the "Green Dragon," where strange things are happening and where the eyes on the monstrous sign-post have a habit of changing from red to emerald and from emerald to red. Scorning the tramp's well-meant advice, our hero and heroine refuse to be frightened by this mysterious inn and promptly set off to find it; but on the way they receive one or two surprises from a blind man and his dog, from a curious artist whose chief claim to artistry is his eccentric appearance, and from a Chinaman who issues inexplicably as if from nowhere.

Arriving at the inn, our characters at first find little that is suspicious; but it is not long before they perceive that they are to have a lively time. New-made bloodstains are observed on the floor; an old woman is found unaccountably locked in a closet; the Chinaman becomes strangely wily and secretive, and there are fingers clutching in the dark; a ruby of rare size and great value is discovered, and around this the plot commences to revolve at a rapid rate, for while our hero has no desire to appropriate the gem for himself, he is equally anxious not to give it up to any but its rightful owner. But its rightful owner fails to appear, and several would-be owners arrive upon the scene; and from this point things continue at a merry pace, with much intrigue and many complications, and we even have some shooting scenes and are taken far away to "Buddha's temple" before in the end the mysteries are unraveled (as, of course, they must be) and the curtain comes down to the tune of "All's well that ends well."

Although the plot can hardly be said to be convincing, "The Green Dragon" has several advantages over the average novel of its type. In the first place, no one is murdered; in the second place, there are no detectives. Of course, the introduction of the valuable ruby is a sufficiently standardized device, but surely the writer of mystery tales is not expected to be altogether original. At all events, Mr. Farjeon has written his piece more interestingly and also more ingeniously than nine out of ten; and if one does not plunge into the book with too great a reverence for the probable, one may emerge with considerable enjoyment.

LOVE AND SAWDUST

THE SWINGING GODDESS. By Marjorie Carleton. 336 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

HELGA or "Venus" Petersen, a radiant beauty, whose every muscle is tuned to the perfection of her body, has earned enough money at the age of 20 to retire from the family circle of the Five Daring Petersens, whose professional stunts have amazed the world. "Venus" wants culture. She seeks it at Smith College, and is happy until some student discovers that she is "Venus" of the notorious dare-devil family. She leaves college after this disclosure and, renouncing her family, pursues the elusive culture by accepting a position as nurse and companion to a strangely morose young man named Drake Gellert, who lives in one of the respectable Massachusetts Newtons. Miles Gellert, his uncle and guardian, tells Helga that Drake had married shortly before the war, had been shell-shocked in France and returned to America only a few days before his wife was killed in a motor accident. This combination of events has made him a strange and unmanageable man. Nurses and companions have irritated rather than helped him. His uncle wants "Venus" to marry him.

Learning that the marriage is to be a Platonic affair, Helga decides to go through with it. She finds that Drake Gellert is an attractive young man who regards all women with suspicion. He treats her with disdain until, after long association, he comes to enjoy her companionship. Eventually he falls in love with her.

The Five Daring Petersens, in the meanwhile, have retreated from the limelight, "Venus," their star, has left them. Florence, another daughter, has shown a yellow streak, and Aunt Tina, an able steeplejack, has "crocked." Even Father Petersen, who is famous for an unusual method of catching rats, has lost interest and pride in his business. Only Ed, an agile building climber, is left. When Florence fails to live up to a contract which calls for walking a high tight-rope, the family plead with "Venus" to help them maintain the family honor.

About this time Drake Gellert, who has declared his love for Helga, finds his uncle making love to her and suspects them of duplicity. In the situation that follows strange circumstances come to light. Drake's first wife, it appears, was Miles Gellert's mistress before they were married. Helga, incensed at such a disclosure of immorality, leaves the Gellert household and returns to her family. She decides to walk the rope in Florence's place.

Because she is out of practice she is not sure of herself the night of the exhibition, and she falls before she reaches the end of the wire. Luckily she manages to catch herself with her hands. Then the fairy godmother, who stands with a ready wand behind all fiction characters, decides that it is time for the sun to shine again. With a wave of the magic stick "Venus" is rescued, and Drake Gellert, now a sensible and clear-thinking young man, comes to claim her as his wife.

'Sech Lie-Foolin's'

(Continued from Page 1)

sufficient fullness to give a fairly accurate idea of the entertaining powers of all these tales.

Ole Sol and a neighbor, Chunk Farley, go hunting, and on the trail get to boasting of their accuracy of aim. For a long time they are unable to raise any game, but at length luck favors the Nimrods.

Us had ben huntin' all daylight and no luck yit. The cornshuckin' moon were jist uppin' her over the ridge, but she hadn't tipped to us in the shadder bottom. We was fordin' a branch. Both to onct, us stopped still, shin-deep in the tide. Right thar on the cricl bank laid a panther big'a a sow-heifer. Two leetle cub-kittens was cuddlin' betwixt her paws. Tongue-lickin' 'em she was, and never seen us.

Both the hunters fired at once, and the big cat lay dead; and when they came to where she lay, there was but a single bullet wound. Each claimed the pelt, and would probably have started a lasting feud then and there but for the suggestion of Sol that they match for the skin, but in a novel way. Each was to take and rear one of the cubs, and six months from the day stage a panther fight between the two, the owner of the winning cub to have ownership of the mother cat's hide, which Charlie Boggs, the hill preacher, was to hold as "ompire" until the victor was declared.

Of course, both of the cubs grew to exactly the same length, height and weight. The fight was staged in Sol's smoke-house, the preacher at the outset lying out on the ridge pole and dropping a chunk of meat exactly midway between the two contestants. The cubs flew at it.

Catcher (the name of one cub) was presactly of the same twin-strongness as Scratcher; and Scratcher was excisely of the same twin cleverness as Catcher. Neither one could out-even the other. Them twins was plumb even and bound for paradise. Both was champeens.

And as nary cat could down his twin, the only way they could travel was up—and up they went. "They jist nacherly riz."

So thar they went clapper-clawin' in a yaller cloud, scratch-fightin' to glory, on up, neck and neck, nail and toe, like a razzle o' dead leaves in a whirl storm. Last thing us seen was a little fog-skiff, fadin' out, like the old moon by daytime, the fur feathers snowin' down.

As may have been inferred, Preacher Charlie kept the old cat's pelt until the cubs should come down—thus making a fitting ending to the yarn.

We do not know whether any enterprising editor has projected a voting contest to decide on the most entertaining book of the year. But if one is staged, we intend to cast one thousand ballots at the start for "Tall Tales," and to keep on casting ballots in sheafs of one thousand until every other candidate is left far behind. But "Tall Tales" must be closed—with regret it must be closed. However, we wish, before stopping, to make an apology. We spoke of the Southern mountaineer as an illiterate. This we rescind. No one who could speak uncontaminated Chaucerian English, with no more embellishment than was given it by the Elizabethans, was ever an illiterate.

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Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

"The Great Unmasked"

F. L. D.—I have compiled a "History of the Mobile Volunteer Fire Company," which dates back to 1819, and if any one can supply me with the complete verses of the old time volunteer fire song, "The Great Unmasked," I would be greatly benefited in completing this work. The song was written about the great Ludlam fire engine manufactured in New York about 1830 and installed in all cities of any size at that time. All of my data refers to this song, which was sung at that time on Firemen's Day in all the theatres.

"A Friend Worth Loving"

J. M. S.—Can any one help me locate an old poem which I wish to use in a book I am writing about the early days of my brother, the late William Vaughan Moody, poet and dramatist? It begins:

If you have a friend worth loving,
love him.
Yes, and let him know you love him.
Ere life's evening tinge his brow
with sunset glow
Why should good words ne'er be said
of a friend till he be dead?

"Rain"

R. R.—Would some one kindly give me the other four lines of a poem entitled "An April Night," and also tell me who wrote it? The verse I have follows:

Rain is a lullaby
Hushing you to sleep—
Gently,
Steadily,
Dripping on the eaves.
Rain is a comforter
Stretching out its arms
To calm each troubled thought.

"Hubbard's Essay On Man"

J. Z. B.—From which essay of Elbert Hubbard are the following lines: "Man is put upon this earth without his consent; he had no voice in the selection of his parents or his ancestors, &c."?

"A Friendship Song"

I. J.—Would you tell me who published a little volume of Maryland Watson's called "Poems, Passionate and Perverse"? There is one little gem among them that I should like to obtain permission to have set to music. It is called "A Friendship Song."

"A Plan Far Greater"

N. M. P.—Can any one help me locate the author's name and the poem beginning as follows:

There is a plan far greater
Than the plan you know.
There is a landscape broader
Than the one you see.

"An Eye Remedy"

P. J. M.—Some years ago when a boy I saw a play, the name of which I have forgotten, but the leading character was that of Colonel Mulberry Bellers, who had an eye remedy for sale. He repeated many times during the play this remark: "There's millions in it." Can any one tell me the title of the drama, as I would like to get it?

"The Communion Service"

A. A. B.—I would be very grateful if any reader could tell me the name of the author of a poem concerning the communion service. It begins:

The Altar stands arrayed
* * * but there are His soldiers
Have no fear.
The toil and care distract thee
I am here.

"Hannibal's Oath"

E. M. T.—Who can help me find a poem I read years ago describing the taking of his oath of "eternal hate to Rome," by Hannibal, the Carthaginian general?

"A Monk's Poem"

G. H. H. S.—Would some one tell me where I may find "Courtesy"—a monk's poem? It has been set to music by Harvey Officer.

"Incarnations Everywhere"

R. C.—It would be appreciated if some one would tell me where to find a poem, which begins something like this: "As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race, I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place." I was under the impression it was written by Kipling, but I am not able to find it.

"Life Is a Bridge"

M. G. Q.—Can any reader place the following quotation: "Life is a bridge, pass over it, build not on it"? It has been suggested that it is one of the inscriptions in the Taj Mahal, but search through descriptions of this building does not reveal it.

"God's Protest"

J. Y.—Where may I find a poem published about ten years ago and written by Captain French, U. S. A.? The title of the poem is "God's Protest," and I am told that it appeared in THE TIMES.

"Lewis Morrison"

J. F. L. R.—I would like to locate material such as prompt books, criticisms and biographical material on Lewis Morrison, who toured the States with "Faust." Can any reader tell me where to find such material?

"Plaisir d'Amour"

E. P.—Can you obtain for me the words of the old French song entitled "Plaisir d'Amour," by Martini?

"Building a Bridge"

E. H.—I am anxious to obtain a copy and also the name of the author of the poem containing these lines: "He, too, must cross in the twilight dim. Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

"Two Poems"

R. E. P.—Where may I find the poem entitled "The Spanish Mother," by Doyle, and also one called "Ode to a Skull," the author's name of which I do not know?

"The Radett Murder"

L. W. P.—In your issue of May 18 there is a review of a book entitled "The Fringe of London," which refers to the famous murder at Radett that furnished copy to Walter Scott, Lord Lytton, Dickens, Carlyle, Hazlitt and others. I would like to know about the Radett murder, which interested so many writers, and would be glad for any information on the subject.

ANSWERS

"Abbey and Kent's Hole"

O. S. ARATA, St. Louis, Mo.—I can render a double service to the poem and your correspondent, L. J. A. (May 16), by sending you "Tor Abbey and Kent's Hole." I have known the author, James Underhill, for several years. We met in New York City while he was serving as secretary to William Ordway Partridge, the noted sculptor. Somewhat discouraged by his failure to interest American literary journals in the merit of his verses, Underhill went back to England where he had met such minor successes as to lead him to believe greater fame was in store for him. However, he is a conscientious craftsman and his writings have genuine inspirational qualities. Mr. Partridge is very enthusiastic and generous in his praise of his work and regrets that Underhill was not more patient in his desire to connect with high-class American periodicals. Mr. Partridge recently wrote me that he is helping the poet to arrange fifty of his best poems for an English publisher and that he is also pruning the shrewdest of Underhill's epigrammatical poems for publication in a volume to be known as "Observations."

The poem Mr. Arata sent is too long to publish. It begins:

Tor Abbey and Kent's Hole were
rather close neighbors
A mile of soft greenland linked
finely the two;
The south coast of Devon—as all who
have seen it
Will proudly maintain has an unexcelled view.

There are twelve more stanzas. Miss Mary Geraldine Conway, Atlantic City, N. J., also sent in an answer to this query.

"The Red Gods"

MISS MARTHA MOREHOUSE, New Haven, Conn.—The lines:

He must go-go-go away from here!
On the other side of the world he's
overdue.
"Send your road is clear before you
when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the red gods call for you!"

for which E. L. McM. inquires in your issue of May 9 are from Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Feet of the Young Men." It may be found in his Collected Verse, published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Arthur Duryee Cree Jr., New York, writes that the sixth stanza of this poem was quoted by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in a lecture on his recent trip to Asia as inspiration for the trip. Colonel Roosevelt says that often on his journey he was reminded of the verses which he learned from his mother. They are:

Do you know the world's white
roof-tree—do you know that
windy rift
Where the baffling mountain
eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen
drift,
While the head of herds is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where
the boulders and the snow lie,
With a trusty, nimble tracker
that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on
the horns of ovis poli,
And the red gods call me out and
I must go!

Miss Louella D. Everett contributed a copy of this poem, which has been forwarded to our correspondent. Others who answered this appeal are Deborah Leary, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Cy Porter, Newton, Mass.; T. J. McMinn, Sharon Hill, Pa.; G. W. Tunnicliff, Richfield Springs, N. Y.; Charles F. Dawson, Montreal, Canada; Miss Frances Lina Weber, New York, and Margaret Worman, Gallipolis, Ohio.

"The West"

CATHERINE PARMENTER, Colorado Springs, Col.—I enclose my poem "The West," asked for by C. L. B. in your issue of May 9:

THE WEST.
Catherine Parmenter.

Across the undulating plains the evening dusk has fallen,
While low against the star-flecked
sky a lonely camp-fire gleams;
And beside the flick'ring fire, in the
silence soft and brooding,
A man is seeing visions, and a man
is dreaming dreams. * * *

Lord God of Hosts, give Thou the
West, unscathed by worldly
schemes,
The gift of seeing visions, and the
gift of dreaming dreams!

And miles away the sunset light is
fading into darkness,
As a dusty prairie schooner halts,
to give the horses rest;
A tired woman lifts her eyes that
glow with buoyant courage—
To glimpse the rugged mountains—
the mountains of the West. * * *

Lord God of Hosts, far, far beyond
where prairie grasses wave,
Give to Thy Western peoples, Lord,
the courage of the brave!

Lord God of Hosts, give to Thy Western peoples strength—compassion;
Give them the laughter and the
tears of crystal mountain
streams;
Give them the cleanness of the hills—
the courage of the prairies;
The gift of seeing visions, and the
gift of dreaming dreams.

Lord God of Hosts, make Thou the
West that land where, fearless—
free,
A man is judged by other men, as
judged, O, Lord, by Thee!

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., also contributed the poem and it has been sent to our correspondent.

"On the Threshold"

OLIVER BROWNE, Erie, Pa.—In your issue of May 9 F. L. T. asks for a poem entitled "On the Threshold." It was supposed to have been found upon the body of a suicide taken from the Chicago River a number of years ago without the author's name. Since the body was never identified, the poem still remains anonymous. It contains eleven stanzas and is too long to print here. The first stanza is as follows:

I am standing on the threshold of
eternity at last,
As reckless of the future as I've been
of the past,
I am void of all ambition, I am dead
of every hope,
The coil of life is ended, I am letting
go the rope.

Mary M. Eskind, Nashville, Tenn., also contributed a complete copy of the poem. It has been sent to our correspondent.

"The Cooky Jar"

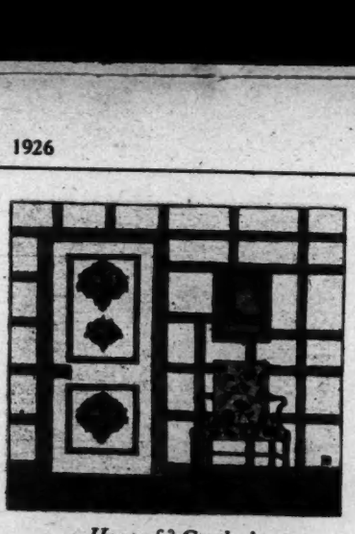
MRS. J. T. MALAHAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—In answer to P. H. in your issue of May 2 the poem "The Cooky Jar," and is also known under the title "Somebody Did," written by James W. Foley, may be found in his collection of poems, "Boys and Girls," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The first stanza of the three begins as follows:

Somebody stood up right on top of a
chair
An' reached in the cooky jar, way,
way, up there,
W'en nobody's lookin' and Mama's
asleep.

"America for Me"

MRS. WINIFRED CODY, New London, Conn.—The poem containing the line "London is a man's town" wanted by J. F. F. in your issue of May 2, is entitled "America for Me," and the author is Dr. Henry van Dyke, once American Ambassador to

(Continued on Page 31)



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(Continued from Page 29)

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Dr. Ralph Waldo Thompson, Cornwall, N. Y.; Anne-Maria Byrne, New York, and Jennie Cotrell Bartleman, Ventor City, New York, supplied copies of the poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

H. S. Fisher, Terryville, Conn.; John R. Clements, Binghamton, N. Y.; Sarah M. Searing, Auburn, N. Y.; Wilmyne Hassler, Weehawken, N. J., and Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., also answered this query.

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Miss M. W. Granger, New York; Mrs. Thomas P. Marne, Houston, Pa., and Edith G. Tamanoy, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., also contributed the poem. A copy has been sent to our correspondent.

"Utopia"

GEORGE D. CHESSON, Springfield, Mass.—Referring to the query of A. S. in your issue of May 9:

Utopia, a philosophical work by Sir Thomas More, describing an imaginary model country, was first written in Latin and published at Louvain in 1516, subsequently revised by More and sent, through Erasmus, to John Frobenius at Basle to print, the second edition being dated November, 1518. It is a prose work and was translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551. It is described by the author as being the discourses of Raphael Hythloday, of the best state of a Commonwealth. In a work "Utopian Papers," consisting of a number of lectures delivered to the Utopians, in Chelsea, London (a society formed for the discussion of Utopian theories), edited by the late Dorothea Hollins and published by Masters & Co., Ltd., London. Miss Hollins introduces Sir Thomas More Redivivus, who addresses the Utopians in verse.

Utopian Papers contains addresses by Professor Geddes, S. H. Swinny, Dr. J. W. Slaughter, V. V. Branford, Dr. Lionel Taylor, Sister Nivedita, F. W. Felkin and the Rev. Joseph Wood. Crosby Hall in Chelsea, London, was used by the Utopian Club for their meetings.

"From Shakespeare"

GEORGE HOWARD REED, Jersey City, N. J.—The quotation from Shakespeare asked for by E. S. in your issue of May 9 may be found in "Antony and Cleopatra" (Act 4, Scene 4, Line 20). The correct rendering is, "To business that we love, we rise betime, and go to't with delight."

Miss Effie A. Link, Troy, N. Y.; Howard Fleming, Plainfield, N. J.; W. O. Rogers, Princeton, N. J.; W. E. Sweeney, Newark, N. J.; Albert C. Bonasch, New York; Robert J. Collins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edwin Nungezer, Ithaca, N. Y., and R. James Rutherford, N. Y., also answered this appeal.

"Parrhasius and the Captive"

W. H. McGRATH, Livingston Manor, N. Y.—The quotations:

1—"And like a fiery planet mount and burn."

2—"Like a dull worm to rot; thrust foully into the earth to be forgot"—wanted by L. M. S. in your issue of May 9—are from the poem by Nathaniel P. Willis entitled "Parrhasius and the Captive." The first quotation occurs in the thirteenth and the second in the fifteenth stanza. The poem may be found in Stedman's "American Anthology," "One Hundred Choice Selections," No. 2, and "One Hundred Best Selections," No. 3. A copy of the complete poem has been taken from one of these books and sent to our correspondent.

D. M. Holbrook, Suffern, N. Y., sends this interesting information in his letter:

Parrhasius, a distinguished painter of the fifth century B. C., was painting a picture depicting the pains and passions of Prometheus, who was chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where an eagle each day consumed his liver, which was restored the following night. Among the prisoners brought home by Philip of Macedon was a very old man whom Parrhasius purchased and caused to be cruelly tortured to death as a model that would give him an idea of the agonies that Prometheus suffered. The poem is too long for insertion here. The victim pleads for mercy and warns Parrhasius of retribution in another world.

A. W. Orvis, Albany, N. Y., also answered this appeal.

"Life Is Vain"

J. A. FITZGERALD, Ilion, N. Y.—Referring to M. R.'s request in your issue of May 9 regarding the poem "Life Is Vain," I think your correspondent has in mind the poem "La Vie Est Vaine," which is by the Belgian poet, Montenaeken. Du Maurier gives a translation of it in "Trilby."

Below we reprint the answer of Dr. Frank Vizetelly which appeared in our issue of June 22, 1924, in response to a request at that time for this poem.

According to Miss Kate Louise Roberts's "Encyclopedia of Practical Quotations" (the new edition of the old Hoyt), the lines cited under the title "La Vie Est Breve" were written by Leon de Montenaeken and occur in his "Peu de Chose et Presque Trop."

La vie est breve—
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis bonjour!

La vie est vaine—
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis bon soir!

Miss Roberts gives the following translation:

Life is but jest;
A dream, a doom;
A gleam, a gloom—
And then—good rest!

Life is but play;
A throb, a tear;
A sob, a sneer;
And then—good day.

Mrs. Katherine Satterlee, Elmira, N. Y., and Alexander F. Burd, Rochester, N. Y., also answered this request.

"Separation"

MRS. H. A. ATHERTON, Newark, Ohio.—My copy of Edgar S. Nye's "Desire" may answer B. C. M.'s query in your May 9 issue:

Silence and separation, and the ache,
Restless and dumb, of the desire to see
One face alone of all humanity!
Oh, absence, how we suffer for your sake!
How heedlessly! Had we the strength to take
Our lives between our hands, and shake them free
From all the dull world's stupid tyranny,
What master works of living we might make!

"Come Back Clean"

MARY A. COLLINS, Bronxville, N. Y.—I enclose the poem asked for by A. M. B. in your issue of May 9. It is entitled, "Soldiers Come Back Clean," and the author, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The poem is too long to publish and a copy of it has been forwarded to our correspondent. The first stanza of the four is:

This is the song for a soldier
To sing as he rides from home
To the fields afar where the battles are,
Or over the ocean foam.
Whatever, the dangers waiting
In the lands I have not seen,
If I do not fall—if I come back at all—
Then I will come back clean.

Mrs. Emmeline du Thoit Newbert, Richmond Hill, N. J., sends in a copy of this poem with the arrangement of the stanzas somewhat different.

"Something to Tell You"

MISS ANNA LOUISE SALMON, Albany, N. Y.—C. A. inquires in your issue of May 9 whether Abraham H. Dyer wrote "Something Sweet to Tell You," which is the title of a song written by Eaton Faning. It is published by G. Schirmer's, New York. The song is too long to publish, but we have space to print the first verse herewith.

I've something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't night,
I am talking in my sleep.

The following readers answered this query, contributing copies of the song and giving the author of it as Eaton Faning: Edmund Ely, New York; Miss Kathryn E. McClarty, Athens, Pa.; Flora C. Smith, Milldale, Conn.; Miss H. S. Ohlhorst, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Beatrice Mayse, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Fanny R. Poole, Port Chester, N. Y., and Louise M. Herman, Bogota, N. J. A copy has been forwarded to our correspondent. Mrs. W. M. Lasher, Newark, Del., and Mrs. L. H. Griffin, New York, also answered this appeal.

"June"

B. WEBSTER, Larchmont, N. J.—In your issue of May 9 E. C. A. asks where to find the poem entitled "June." I send it herewith as I recall it from memory. I do not know the name of the author.

JUNE.

I know a little maiden
Who wears a hat of green
All trimmed with red, red roses
And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons
Under her dimpled chin,
For oftentimes it's breezy
When she comes tripping in.

Her name the roses tell you,
'Tis the blackbird's tune;
This smiling little maiden
Is just our own dear June.

"Forty Like One"

KATHERINE LOUISE WILLIAMS, Glen Ridge, N. J.—The poem for which F. E. asks in your issue of May 16 is "Written in March," by William Wordsworth and may be found in any complete collection of his poems. The first stanza contains the lines "the cattle are grazing, their heads never raising, there are forty feeding like one," which were the ones requested by F. E.

A number of readers answered this request.

"A Correction"

G. H. BENEDICT, Catskill, N. Y.—I wish to withdraw a claim to the authorship of the poem "Wishing," which was asked for by your correspondent, H. E. F., in your issue of April 18. I recalled the poem and found it in an old scrap book containing a number of verses of my own, similarity of print and measure deceiving me. Reference to the Granger Poetry Index made for me by a member of the staff of the State Library show the authorship should be assigned to John Godfrey Saxe. It was first published, anonymously, but it appears entire in an edition of his poems in 1867. I am glad to correct my error and to assign "Wishing" to its distinguished author.

Latest Books

(Continued from Page 28)

THE ROMANCE OF WORLD TRADE. By Alfred Pearce Dennis. 8vo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. 8vo. New York: National Industrial Conference Board, Inc.

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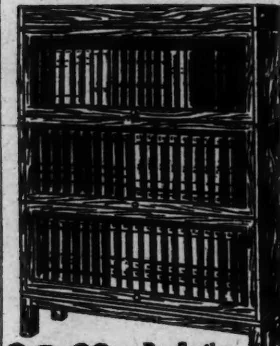

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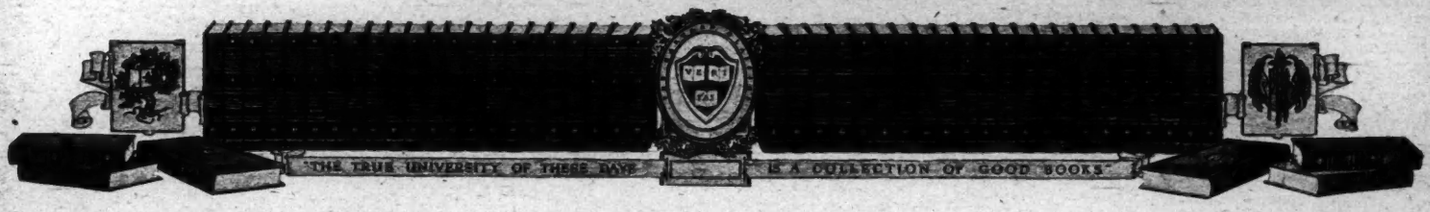

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